

# CAVALCADE

OCT. 11



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# Cavalcade

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Never in costumes or writings  
 other than factual are fictitious

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The shadow of a warning-pan fell across  
 the lanes of England centuries ago.  
 GOROTHY MYLES

ROYAL BABES  
 WERE BORN IN PUBLIC

THIS month Princess Elizabeth, helpless passenger to the British throne, will bear a child who will be second in line to the Crown. Whether the Princess has her child at one of the Royal palaces in London, or at her country home at Windlesham Moor, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs will be present in the House during the birth.

This ancient custom goes back to early days in British history, when religious differences split history.

This is how it all began:

One warm summer morning in June, 1553, the Queen of England, Mary of Modena, lay in labour in the most four-poster bed in the Royal Bedchamber at Whitehall, London.

In those troubled days a royal

birth was a public affair. London's ambassadors flocked to the palace to witness the birth. The ladies, allowed into the Royal Chamber, called out the most gigantic details of the Queen's ordeal to the gentlemen who crowded the ante-chambers, and hindered the midwives who battled in and out.

On this occasion the whole of England awaited the Royal birth, because the country was divided into two camps, Protestant and Catholic. The Protestants were determined to get rid of Catholic James and bring Protestant William and Mary, of Holland, to rule England.

They had already spread the rumour that Mary was not, in fact, pregnant, that the whole thing was a Royal

plot to ensure a Catholic heir to the throne.

Several newspapers published in Holland showed the Queen wearing a cushion strapped around her stomach to stabilize pregnancy.

In a letter from the English Court, the French Minister told the Vatican that the Queen was "enjoying a prosperous pregnancy," despite "the rumors from Holland that 'Her Majesty's condition is a fiction and that she wears a cushion'."

To dispel these rumors, James II decided that the child be born in London instead of at Windsor Castle.

As the students rallied in and out of the Queen's bedrooms, "wondering her modesty with their gross remarks," a serving woman showed her way through the crowd and thrust a heavy copper warming-pan into the Queen's bed.

Immediately the sharp-eyed Protestants saw a pop on which to hang a story that a male child had been smuggled into the bed in the warming-pan.

Soon all England heard the story that the heir to the Crown was a base-born child. The rumors gained strength when, in Holland, William and Mary of Orange and their Court refused to attend the reception. The British Ambassador gave to celebrate the birth, and William forbade his chaplains to say prayers for the Prince of Wales.

When the child was four months old, English Protestants petitioned William of Orange to take over the British throne, giving as their main reason that James' and Mary's heir was not in fact their own child.

James II then called an Ecclesiastical Council, which took evidence from 33 persons including the Queen Dowager and the Lord Chamberlain, who swore on oath that they had seen the child's birth.

From this time it became an English law that a Member of the Crown must be present at the birth of a

Royal child. But even this step did not entirely prevent malicious camp.

In 1701, when George I was on the throne, all kinds of ill-ruined camp surrounded the birth, in Hanover, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to George's wife the Princess Electress.

The British Envy at Hanover, as a dispatch to England, wrote that most people of the Court thought the Queen's "behavior" was "rather the effect of distrust than that she was with child." He naively continues, however: "Her Highness was taken ill last Friday at dinner, and later I was not used that the Princess was delivered of a son."

Now that the days of Court intrigues are gone and people are more confident, Royal mothers have their children in private.

Queen Victoria was the last Royal mother to undergo the ordeal of labor in public, although, during her last confinement, a screen separated her bed from the Ministers of the Crown and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who were in the room.

The situation embarrassed them as much as it did the Queen. At each of her eight other confinements these official witnesses waited in an adjoining room.

Queen Victoria created another precedent when she had chloroform for the birth of Prince Leopold, the eighth of her nine children, in 1853.

Anesthesia was then a new discovery, used only for the gravest operations. When women demanded that doctors anesthetize them during childbirth, public opinion was up in arms.

The church particularly opposed the idea, seeing that it violated the Biblical precept, "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children."

Victoria got on and in this controversy when she had anesthesia during Leopold's birth.

There is now a more forthright attitude about making a Royal pregnancy public knowledge than there

was 22 years ago, when Elizabeth herself was born.

Her grandfather, George V, thought such announcements unbecomingly. Nevertheless, the people of London took great interest in the then Duke of York and his Scottish bride and crowds gathered outside their London home at 17 Swiss Terrace on the day Elizabeth was born.

George V may have got this attitude from his mother, Queen Alexandra (then Princess of Wales), who did not crowd her public appearances before his birth.

On June 2, 1961, less than 12 hours before she attended a concert at the Albert Hall and returned to Marlborough House to receive the guests at one of the post-dinner parties for which she and her husband, Peter Edward VIII, were famous.

However, at the last moment, the Prince of Wales recovered the royal blood.

The party did not break up until midnight. Next morning London read in the newspapers that the Princess had given birth to a son at 11 P.M.

The conservative "London Times" made a cautious comment on the

Prince of Wales' behaviour. It read: "though not actually unexpected, was not preceded by any prolonged anxiety."

Thirty-one years later, when he was Edward VII, he helped a Royal ball at Windsor to commemorate the birth of his grandson, Edward, now Duke of Windsor.

Guests cheered, drank a toast to the young Prince and the ball went on. But times had changed so much that not even Queen Victoria was allowed to visit the new mother anxiously.

In 1955, when the Duke and Duchess expected their third child, one thing worried the Duchess for calculations showed that the baby would probably be born on December 15, the anniversary of the death of Victoria's husband, Prince Albert. Despite these hopes the date elapsed and the baby, who is our present King, was born. Victoria desired that he be called Albert, as he was until he succeeded to the throne when Edward abdicated in 1901.

Royal births have always been matters of extreme public interest. The birth of Princess Elizabeth's baby will be no exception.





Blinded by a sniper's bullet, he "sees" the colour of cattle, runs his own stud farm

Till showgrounds were closed with people. Flags fluttered from the buildings, a band was playing, and a section of the crowd was bent over to surge towards the judging ring.

The cattle were being led in. Short-horn bulls came first, snorting and puffing at the leading staff. One of the judges stood at the entrance to the ring, and as each beast was brought up to him, he ran his hands carefully over it. Then he motioned the attendant to lead the bull on.

A show official stood close by, and as the judge finished with one of the bulls, he said to the man:

"I judged that black and white animal last year."

There was already another bull in front of him, and he put out his hands to examine it.

The official nudged the man standing next to him:

"Did you hear that?" he whispered. "How what?"

"He said he judged that bull last year."

"Well, what of it?" the other man asked in surprise. "A bull with unusual markings like that wouldn't be hard to remember."

"It mightn't be for most people," the official said, "but that judge is blind."

It was true, James T. Scrymgeour, of Warwick, Queensland, one of the best-known breeders and judges of Friesian Shorthorn cattle in Australia, lost his sight in the First World War.

It wasn't easy for a man who had staked everything he had as a blood-stock farm, to come home without his sight.

"Don't worry," his friends told him. "There must be some sort of work you can do."

"I'm not worrying," Jim said. "I have my job. All I've got to find out is how to make double use of my hands."

Jim had a chance, but he came back prepared to give her his freedom. She refused to break the engagement, and they were married.

He and Mrs. Scrymgeour went to England. The doctors had given Jim a little hope. Perhaps if he could see certain eye specialists in Harley Street, something might be done. But two years of hospitals and treatments brought no cure.

Jim Scrymgeour then enrolled at St. Dunstan's School for the Blind. His cheerful determination made him one of the school's best scholars.

Before they came home, the Scrymgeours spent eight months visiting famous studs in England and learning all they could about breeding horses and cattle. Mrs. Scrymgeour acted as her husband's eyes.

In 1911 the Scrymgeours settled at "Netherby," in Warwick, Queensland. The "Netherby" stud was formed with six foundation mares of pure Scotch Cruchank blood. These and their descendants were the property of six supported breeders, three pure Dunlop blood, and four stud bulls, brought from Scotland by Jim's father in 1914.

Jim had first to devise a means for finding his way about his property without having always to rely on someone's assistance. He had installed an ingenious arrangement, which he designed himself and secretly helped to erect.

Overhead wires were taken from the house to the key points of the station, stables, cattle pens and feed bins. A hollow metal cylinder was drawn across the wires by a length of rope, one end being attached to the cylinder and the other held by Jim as he made his way alone to whatever part of the station he wanted to go.

On his stock he hung tiny bells

each one varying in tone, so that he could identify the animals by the sound. The tinkling of the bells told him also whether the stock was lying down, standing up or moving about.

Gradually Jim's fingers became so sensitive that he was able to "see" his stock through them. By moving his hands over them, he was able to describe them accurately, pointing out defects that were not always visible to the eye.

Jim Scrymgeour, with very little assistance, was working the "Netherby" stud. He bred horses, as well as cattle. He himself mixed the feed for the cattle, groomed the horses, and exhibited his stock in the Queensland shows.

At one of the shows, he stood talking to a man who had judged some of the cattle. Several bulls were being led past for a section with which the judge was not concerned. As one of the animals passed, Scrymgeour ran his hands over it.

"It would be a fine bull only for that faulty hock," he said to the judge.

The judge was surprised at the confidence with which the blind man handled the animal. He asked him for his comments on several bulls that followed. In every case Scrymgeour's judgment was faultless.

At the next show, Jim Scrymgeour was asked to be one of the official judges and then from then on he began to build up a reputation as one of the best cattle judges in Australia.

A patch of loose skin, a faulty hock, a screw of crest or curl on the forehead, or legs that are too long do not escape Jim's sensitive fingers. After he has handled it, he is able to name within a few pounds, the weight of any bull.

Jim is also able to "feel" the colour of an animal.

At the Brisbane Show a few years ago, a friend of Jim's thought he would have a little joke with him

# DRUNKEN BOTI

Drunk to me only with these eyes  
 Of all I ask of thee,  
 And let a fondly lingering look  
 Mingle thy fidelity,  
 Or while the wine is only red  
 Please let me drink to thee;  
 And while you're drinking with  
 your eyes  
 I'll drink more passionately!

Jim had a loose acre of horses, and enjoys a laugh.

They were passing some cattle pens, and the friend said:

"Jim, what do you think of that red bull?"

Jim stopped and felt the bull carefully. He was silent a moment, then he grinned.

"You gosh-darned him," he said. "It's black."

Jim Scrymgeour says he is able to distinguish the colour of an animal by the texture of the hair. It may be silky, soft or harsh. What is generally the softest, can not quite so soft, and red is a good deal harsher.

The "Nothorby" stock has been widely exhibited throughout Australia, and has won over one thousand blue ribbons and several hundred championships. One profile winner was a Shorthorn bull, Nothorby Royal Challenge, which took nearly fifty one second, one third and fourteen championships.

Jim likes to lead his own stock into the ring. If it is strange ground he takes a guide.

When the Duke of Gloucester visited Queensland some years ago Jim

led a special parade of champion stock on the Brisbane Exhibition Ground with his champion bull, Nothorby Royal Challenge. Next in order in the parade, and led by an attendant, was Jim's champion Shorthorn cow, Nothorby Slave Queen.

Jim knew the ground well. As the parade approached the platform on which the Duke stood, he halted it and gave "Eyes left." Then he swung his bull's head around and came to the salute.

As the parade moved on again, there was thunderous applause from thousands who watched.

Before hosts were available in Sydney to transport stock from the wharf to the showgrounds, Jim led a string of bulls on many occasions from Darling Harbour to Moore Park without a pilot and with only an attendant who followed behind with other cattle, to direct directions.

The "Nothorby" stud has been successful in the breeding of Full Shorthorns. Jim Scrymgeour believes there is a big future in Australia, as in the United States, for American cattle which travel better, with less injury than horned breeds.

Asked if he ever had any qualms leading a particularly fiery bull into the ring Jim said, "No. But I believe in taking every precaution. A hot-tempered bull can do a lot of damage."

Jim said the recent bull he had seen did the round of the show a few years ago. It was a magnificent animal, but couldn't be treated, and had knocked down several horses and fences and had injured attendants.

Jim was judging at the Royal National Exhibition when the beast appeared in the grand parade. It was being led by a man named Jack whom Jim knew, and it seemed to be quite docile as it ambled around the ring. It won its class and also the championship.

Jim met Jack a few days later.

"Congratulations on leading the champion," Jim said. "But tell me, how did you manage to keep him under control?"

Jack's eyes twinkled.

"Aye, Jim, I can keep that beast under control, all right. My precaution is two ounces of leadenware injected into the bull before the parade, and while the drug is working I have four ounces of rum myself. Then I put the leading staff on the animal, and if they don't keep him too long on parade, he goes quietly to his stall. After that I have some more rum and hope the parade for next day is controlled."

Jim Scrymgeour has developed a remarkable memory, with which he is able to associate the sensitive squeaking of his ears to hold and identify sound vibrations.

He always speaks of the things he has "seen" and never refers to his blindness as a handicap. When he meets people for the first time, he is often able to seek them up in a matter of minutes.

Jim's sense of humour is ready to sparkle on the slightest provocation.

He was telling a friend of a red fox that had made its appearance among the rubbish in Queensland.

When he was asked what the fox was like, Jim answered:

"I don't know. I haven't met one, but when I do, I'll have more difficulty in getting a live one if than I would have in handling a Shorthorn steer."

Jim Scrymgeour leads a busy life. He is at present breeding blood horse trotters, Clydesdales, pointers, hounds and Arabes, Full Shorthorn cattle, and prize poultry. He is an active member of the HRS A.I.L.A., being for many years president of the Warwick sub-branch and vice-president of the Western District of Queensland. He is able to use a typewriter, and possesses all his own correspondence.

Jim has never spoken about the

events which took his sight from him on a battlefield back in 1915, but the story came back to Australia after his return.

It was in the Jordan Valley as a Turkish attack was being launched against the Australian Light Horse Troop. A man had fallen above the trenches and had to be brought to safety. Jim Scrymgeour volunteered to climb out and dig him to safety.

As he was about to descend into the trench himself, he was caught by a Turkish sniper. There was a flash, and the world was blotted out. That was how Jim Scrymgeour, Australia's well-known cattle judge and breeder and a man of the greatest courage and determination, lost his sight.



Those days they thought you could  
bottle it out without deep in quiet

BILL DELANEY



## DEBUNKING THE PRIDES OF THE FANCY

HIS name was John L. Sullivan, and they called him the Boston Strong Boy. Here was a man who, in his own analysis, was the original million-dollar man himself, who made more money from fighting than any other man before him, and whose earnings from the profession have since been exceeded by only three men—Dempsy, Tunney and Lewis.

The Boston Strong Boy, the best of the men who were called upon to fight fifty, sixty or seventy rounds. . . . Now, the oldsters will ask you, would the modern boxer manage to perform for no longer than 45 minutes actual fighting time, react if he were compelled to remain in the ring for 75 rounds, as Sullivan did when he fought Jake Kilbuck?

Seventy-five rounds, of which Sullivan won 41, most of them by knock-downs—and in between rounds he refused to sit down, saying, "What's the use? I only got to get right up again, didn't I?"

These indeed were the days when rounds were fought for as predetermined periods, ending when a man fell to a knee and hand or to both knees, continuing after a 30-second rest. If he was still suffering from the effects of a knockdown punch he had merely to take a light brep

and the round was again over. Thus a fighter could "walk" through a contest whose length seems to us to be phenomenal.

And although Sullivan took part in 45 bouts, only three of them lasted for longer than 15 rounds.

You will read of the "epic" battles between Jim Belcher and Tom Cribb, one of which went to 41 rounds, yet, if you study the formula to which the contest was fought, you will find that most of the rounds lasted less than one minute, and that, in fact, the bout's actual duration was 30 minutes, including intervals between rounds.

There was Cribb and, the Negro Molyneux, who fought out 34 rounds—in 32 minutes; and Bendigo and Cribb, who battled for 30 rounds. In Australia, almost 180 years ago, there was Kelly and Seaird from the effects of whose battle these examples are more far than that they fought for over six hours, and with the exception of the last, all these bouts were of considerably less duration than a modern 15-minute round bout of similar resistance.

Of Sullivan's fighting ability there can be no doubt, for, in spite of the fact that antiquity leads planners to misleading opinions, he was always his contemporaries like a Colossus, and his record indicates that in that or any other era, he would have been one of the truly great of men.

The second longest match of his career was that against the bilious and provocative Charlie Mitchell. It lasted 28 rounds, and because it was fought under prize ring rules which allowed only for conquest by knock-out or the withdrawal of an opponent, it was officially termed a draw.

For three hours and 10 minutes, Sullivan chased the wayward Mitchell across the mild-sudden ring and back again, in the first round, a look the great John L. six minutes to catch up to his opponent, and when he connected, the blow was light. Yet

Mitchell fell. He fell another 18 times—a plan of defense that was prompted by Mitchell's knowledge that the champion had refused to take him. Mitchell should consider himself worthy of that assessment, by the knowledge that the champion sooner or later would be troubled by the same to which he was so greatly adjusted, and by the big black eyes he soaked by the dozen every day.

And so Mitchell ran—ran for over three hours, and at the end of that time, the champion was still on his feet, while his opponent took advantage of every opportunity to fall to the ground. When they called the last a draw, both were glassy-eyed and exhausted, although John L. had not received a wordwide punch.

Over three hours of shaking and fighting—and a dozen years of hard living behind him—who could doubt the amazing strength of John the Great? Yet, after, we must admit that John L. Sullivan had at least the strength of a well-trained modern fighter.

Many years later—45 to be exact—another man named Dempsy was to lose his world's heavyweight title to a man who had learned the value of running away. Dempsy's downfall, however, was not due to hard living but to the fact that pathologically, he was an old man. When Tunney, plenty-aged and apparently beaten, ran after that luscious long count, he did exactly what Mitchell had done so many years before. In modern phraseology, he "let on his back," and Dempsy chased him—until at last he found that the younger man's feet could travel faster or backwards than his own could forward.

The Dempsy-Tunney fight lasted a mere 18 rounds—but who will say that it was sufficiently brief then, both men suffered less from punches than their old-time contemporaries who faced each other for three hours for Dempsy, unlike Sullivan, was

**B**URT LANCASTER was "Golden Leone. That's my personal nickname in London. Scott. Yet that I have ever called her that to her face. I tell her. As most people do. Her eyes and her voice and her lovely face and that chance might find you and thinking she is just another doll. She's not. She has standards and moral decency like those earned small Feds that were known as Ladies.

The outstanding thing about *Let's Eek!* is the fact that she's an original not a carbon copy. I looked up "individuality" as Webster's. He puts it this way: "The quality which distinguishes one person from another, separate or distinct existence, uniqueness." — Let her be!

From *Photoplay*, the world's best motion picture magazine

pandered heavily and often—and he wasn't able to take a 30-second rest surely by falling to the ground. The fight, in fact, was 14 rounds of concentrated effort.

Go back to the guests of the past, such as Cribb and Molyneux, about how panders they were on that fact. They had to be, for there was a good likelihood of their being taken by a hip throw, and they were consequently unable to pose themselves for a memorably directed and executed blow. But make no mistake: Sullivan must have been a troucadour puncher, as was testified by the men from whom he took the world's championship, Ryan, who said:

"When Sullivan shook me, I thought a telegraph pole had been shoved against me and driven."

Yet was he a heavier puncher than Dempsey? It is unlikely, at least, that he was a quicker thrower of lethal blows for it has been statistically proven that the later champion's fist troubled at the rate of two miles a minute.

Among the men who have come down in ring history as "uncounted" was Tom Cribb. Cribb, it is said, was his boots by the simple technique

of letting his opponent "break his hands on his own"—that is, he would present his head for punishment until his opponent's knuckles were broken. Then he would finish off his helpless victim with a punch or two thrown from his back.

Cribb was, then, truly an iron man—but that doesn't mean that he was able to protect himself for a combat at the loss of a hat into the ring in fact throughout his career. Cribb fought a mere 12 bouts. Compare this with the performance of Joe Louis, who has participated in 41 contests, of which 25 were in defense of his crown. Remember, too, that in order to come up in fast class condition for each fight—the first Walcott bout included—Louis spared his way through perhaps 100 training rounds. It took as much as that to ensure that he would stay the distance. On the other hand, training in the days of Cribb, and Sullivan too, was a casual business.

It is safe to assume, therefore, that a 15-round match, fought at high speed throughout, would find the Pudge of the Percy short of condition.

But back to the older, think he

signs of the conditions under which the Percy fought. Neither cold, cold, hot, or practically anything else that of inhuman intervention could prevent them from competing the battle through to the bitter end.

In the year in which Hyer, the first champion of America, whipped Yankee Sullivan, another historic match took place between an Australian heavyweight named Blowers and Percy Neil. The ring was pitched over the water's edge on a Staten Island beach. And when the men had been boxing 10 for 20 minutes, the tide came so that they were fighting up to their ankles in water.

Finally, the water rose waist-high, and Hudson demanded that the ring be shifted to higher ground. Neil refused the request, and showed the match. The referee agreed with Neil, and added the rider "in his defense."

"Sure Neil won. Hudson lost when he wouldn't see the match. Why

should the likes of him be afraid of getting wet?"

No one will argue that the conditions on that day were bad. But they were bad too, during the match between Archie Moore and Jerry Brien. Last year when in an open-air arena at Baltimore, the men went so close that at the end of the 10-round bout, Moore was crowned winner and fell flat on his face from sheer exhaustion, and Moore, remember, was a boxer—an Australian knew—who never undertook a fight unless he was in top condition.

So there it is. Cribb would have beaten Sullivan. . . . Sullivan would have beaten Jack Johnson. Johnson would have beaten Dempsey. Dempsey would have beaten Louis. . . . that has been the eternal cry since the earliest days of boxing as we know it, and the same old group of dead slavers will go on until boxing dies. For the mirror of the years can throw back a distorted picture.

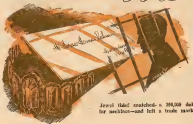


SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 45



# CALLING CARD COUP



Jewel thief snatched a \$20,000 dollar necklace—and left a trade mark

**I**N THE early years of the 1880s, under the new automobile industry, the city of Detroit was booming like a French 15. The smell of money was in the air, and gold-plated opportunities were stacked up on street corners, two for a nickel. Which was all to the good for Dog-fiee Delson, who had just completed a post-graduate course at Deacons' Prison, and was eager to apply what he had learned from some of his classmates.

Delouse was an unassuming sort of offender, and even the tough Detroit police could not find it in their hearts to be unpleasant to the slender little racketeer with the red eyes and long, wretched jaw. However, his class machines and open dice games could not go altogether unnoticed, and when his leadership headquarters was raided in the fall of 1878, the before he offered was coldly refused. For the

first time in his career, Delouse was treated to the humiliation of being booked under his real name—Horace Herman Delson—and duly ordered to make himself scarce. Delouse did so going to New York.

Wandering along the university docks of New York's Chelsea section his problems were eased by a well-dressed man that hit him behind the ear and he woke up in the dark hold of an English vessel bound for Liverpool.

A woman's life was not for Delouse Delson, however, and the moment the star touched shore, he fled. With a correspondence's unerring instinct, he made a beeline for the great city of London, but as he drew near its smoky suburbs a policeman, attracted by his strange accent, asked him for his passport. An hour later, the expatriate racketeer was in jail awaiting extradition.

It took the U.S. Government quite a while to decide whether it wanted to pay the cost of his trip home merely to have him stand trial for passport information. Meanwhile, Delouse began to look around.

In the cell next to his own was a well-spoken, beefy-faced blicker who kept his nails very clean and always dressed for dinner. He told the fascinated Delouse that he was a member of the British aristocracy doing time for slitting his noble aunt's diamond ears. When asked, he described the scene in great detail. The little mobster spent six months in that ancient prison, and meanwhile, at St. Dunstons, he learned a great deal from his fellow prisoner.

Delouse didn't feel because was that Delouse was not worth protesting, but the British nobility's ejected him from their tight little island, and eight months from the day he left, Delouse was back in Detroit.

But Detroit didn't recognize him. With the adaptiveness of a six-year-old, he had soaked up all the culture that the unconverted English noblemen had craved. He had the speechless manner, the speaking voice and the conversational know-how of Middle-class society.

A newspaper society page, heralding a debutante's ball, called the turn "As a womanizer present," the second son, "the debutante will receive a \$20,000 dollar emerald and ruby bracelet, a dainty heirloom." Delouse Delson looked his lips, bought a book on etiquette and began re-learning in minute detail the correct way to crush a coming-out party.

It was the smoothest jewel robbery of the decade. No one suspected Delouse's true calling, for he didn't make a single sound once. Perfectly dressed, in white tie and tails, he played an unquestioned entrance to the swanky party. With half a hand and others, he moved slowly down the shuffling revolving line. Disap-

perly—too hesitatingly—he pressed his buster's arm, white hand. Then he walked straight across the ballroom and out the garden door with the fabulous jeweled bracelet in his pocket.

Back in his own hotel room, he was more delighted with his sleek performance than he was with the glittering quarter-million dollar bank of stones he had garnered.

"I was really born to this sort of thing," he mused happily. He was glad, now, that he hadn't changed his name. After all, his family went 'way back into the early, proud days of American history. He'dn't his great, great, great grandfather come over in 1787? What if he had come over in the ship's bow with a ball and chain on his leg—the Delsons were still one of America's first families, and he should be able to cut a neat swathe in society on the strength of it.

His musings were interrupted sharply by a hammering on the door. He was attracted to hear the once-familiar surname. "Open up! It's the law!"

"I can't have made a mistake!" he thought. "I can! I know I didn't!" But the brass-buttoned man in the doorway refused him his emerald bracelet and offered him one of steel. He was curious enough to ask. "What did I do wrong?"

"You didn't do nothing wrong," the detective bowed his headquarters answered. "You was a one hundred per cent perfect gentleman. You was too perfect, in fact. You even remembered to leave your calling card!"

Under Delouse's horrified nose, the detective waved the thin, white postcard the would-be gentleman had so carefully deposited not on his knee but in the father's silver silver. In exasperation, roused murmuring, it read "Mr. Horace Herman Delson." Delouse remembered that the same name had artistically printed, was mellow-ness in last year's police blotter.

# Passing Sentences

**Burlap Bag Show.** Where attendance falls off if nothing else does.  
If we had used the advice we have given away, we should need none from others.

**An optimist** is a man who gets used by a con but enjoys the scenery.

**Hollywood Marriage.** Good way to spend a week-end.

It is commendable to face life with your chin up, but don't forget to duck.

Sign on an automobile: **JUST MARRIED.** Shakes the sale.

A gambler is one who can make anything but a living.

Someone said marriage is a lottery, but there is a high proportion of blunders.

Sign under an old layout on display in a store: "Bust in Peace."

**Woman:** The weeper sex.

A wrinkle is something that if a prize hasn't got it's a plume.

A postcard is a person who builds bridges in the air.

Women's styles may change, but their designs remain the same.

**Shave.** A catchall.

Many a man believes in heredity until his son acts like a champion.

Goodbye sign near a restaurant: "O.K., So Go Hungry!"

Diplomacy is the art of cutting the other fellow's throat without using a knife.

☆ Dumped don't score me, says sparkling Joan Fulton, Universal Player.



## THE AFFAIR AT LACHLAN SWAMP

Three horse-driven carriage  
ship-plugged to a standstill. Five  
men clustered on the border of  
lively Lachlan Swamp.

At 4.30 in the afternoon perma-  
nent shrieked and swang heads  
coiled apprehensively as the men  
waited towards a cleared space.  
Nothing would alter their pur-  
pose. Young Dobie knew the  
meaning of the grim look on Mr.  
Donaldson's face.

Mr. Dobie—a "second"—spoke  
a last word to his principal, and  
renewed his final instructions.

Dobie caught the stare from the  
other "second", Lewis Burrows, of  
the 40th, who was waiting for Major  
Mitchell. He walked with Mr.  
Donaldson to the centre of the  
clearing.

The dragoon removed their coats  
and hats and chose their plots.  
Thirty yards apart they turned and  
fired at each other.

The first shot cracked. It dis-  
turbed the birds, and the whirr of  
their wings blanketed the sound  
of the second shot.

Major Mitchell took careful aim  
this third time. His shot went  
through Mr. Donaldson's hat, grazed  
his scalp. He himself just  
missed death from his adversary's  
aim, the bullet narrowly miss-  
ing his neck.

Before the smoke of the last dis-  
charges had cleared, the seconds  
stopped the duel. A few moments  
later the party left the ground, with  
honour satisfied but the traditional  
friendly handshake after such af-  
fairs was not exchanged.

Sir Charles August Fitzroy, then

Governor, considered the case as  
he was at his bureau early the fol-  
lowing Monday.

It was September 29, 1855. Even  
so recently the Governor had on  
his hands the problem of his Sur-  
veyor-General, Mitchell, and a  
member of parliament, Donaldson,  
dwelling in the Lachlan Swamp.

The dispute started when young  
Donaldson made a fiery speech at  
the hustings during an election  
campaign for the Cumberland seat.  
Mitchell's department, he said, cost  
the public £10,000.

Mitchell answered through the  
Sydney Morning Herald. He said  
that the department cost only  
£10,000, but Donaldson made it ap-  
pear that, though that was the cost,  
Mitchell had killed the Colony  
for £40,000.

The Governor remembered the  
rump the day after the Herald let-  
ter. He recalled the voice of  
Major Mitchell's servants to the  
Colony over 15 years his wonder-  
ful exploring trips, his ability as  
Surveyor-General. He also ap-  
preciated the brilliance of young  
Spenser Donaldson, just elected to  
the legislature.

He decided he would not pro-  
secute either of them for illegal  
duelling. A wise decision. Mis-  
chance continued his admirable  
work, and was knighted ten, and  
became first premier of N.S.W. five  
years after the duel that took  
place in the Lachlan Swamp—now  
known as Centennial Park and the  
site, 30 years later, of the pro-  
clamation of the Commonwealth.



The urge to be fascinating has cost men as well as women the grave

NAN MUSKROE



# Vanity

## STRIKES TO KILL

THE YOUNG WOMEN "winned" as she removed a hair from the patch black mole on her cheek. Three times she poked at the mole. The third time she removed what three o'clock in her coffee, for her action began the mysterious process that causes cancer.

Six weeks later, in the corner shade of one of Australia's biggest public hospitals, specialists estimated her remaining life span at eight weeks.

Seven weeks later, shortly after her twenty-fifth birthday, she died.

Vanity had claimed another victim. Two weeks before she removed the hair from the mole her family doctor told her it should not be touched, and suggested that it be surgically removed.

She refused to have the operation because inevitably it would leave a scar.

Each year hundreds of foolish men and women do irreparable damage to their health, their appearance and their pocketbook by peering in their vanity which, in many cases, strikes back fatally.

Women are the chiefest victims. One of their greatest bugbears is facial hairs, whether they grow from noses or not.

Pain and temporary discomfort are the only price paid for the removal of ordinary facial hairs by skilled electrolysis, but death from cancer can result if the hairs that grow from or close to a mole are removed by electrolysis.

Women and men too invite cancer in their attempt to obtain the even tones their vanity demands. Skin doesn't like being bleached, and hundreds of people find this out in doctor's rooms when they contract skin cancers.

Critical illnesses are caused when young girls with tender skins succeed in strong sun, decide to be bronch stress and lie happily about the beach all day.

Rapidly they become seriously ill, blister in large areas and swell in the face and ankles. As the blisters burst, a toxic condition supervenes, and a grave illness follows which sometimes causes death.

One girl, after ten weeks in hospital as a result of such an illness, is severely scarred on the shoulders and cheeks. She is flabbed with vanity.

Male vanity is mostly concerned with keeping a youthful, vigorous figure. And men have died for it.

The removal of fat by surgery is, fortunately, unknown in Australia, but it has been practiced with fatal results in America.

Vanity stood by to watch Hollywood star Joan Harwood Hensinger die on the operating table as he took this drastic step towards thinness.

Howard had fallen in love with tall, beautiful Bette Midler, a 30-year-old Hollywood writer and reviewer. Their wedding was planned, but Howard could not face the tip down the aisle with a bride whose lovely figure made his obesity as noticeable.

Prodded by his vanity, he died on the operating table while a surgeon was stripping excess fat from his abdomen like blubber from a whale.

During tea, his wife's guests of death among people who suddenly decide to change a bulge to a hollow. Outstanding example of this was film star Laird Craig, who couldn't stand the thought of "fat man" roles and dated himself late his grave at 35 years of age.

But it is among the female of the

species that vanity is King when it comes to unwanted curves. They'll diet themselves into whatever shape fashion dictates, regardless of the risk of tuberculosis, anorexia or chronic dyspepsia.

For dating crises all these things, especially among women. Statistics show that tuberculosis has its highest incidence among young women between 20 and 30 years of age, and doctors repeatedly trace back its origin to dieting and the search for the curves that they think would make them desirable.

Vanity's greatest triumph has come from anorexia. For the hundreds of women who have tried to diet their bodies into submission, there are millions who charitably suffer untold discomfort that has often led to permanent deformity, by apparent lack of or tying these unwanted roundness into curves.

Blind now women are willing at their waists with constricting corsets and "waist nappers" in an attempt to achieve the tiny waist, the modish blouse and narrow hip that fashion's "New Look" demands.

The grueling experience of their forebears couldn't matter less to them for vanity is ruling their head. They laugh derisively when the doctors and expert illnesses of the 1940's are recounted.

In those days girls did the same thing with their waists and suffered "groin anorexia," caused by corsets pinning their ribs on to the liver.

"Miss 148" will be as famous a newcomer as the ladies of the last century if they continue in their search for the New Look," a Melbourne doctor opines.

He points out that restriction of the bones and liver is the cause of this and not fattening itself.

But the ladies can't be warned with words and diagrams and America has gone one step further in an attempt to show them what they're doing to themselves.

End was my heart and low my spirit,  
My sweet and I lived parted  
Hot words and quick hot lips that had loved  
And that's how my sorrow'd started.  
She swore that she would be revenged  
And off she hurried me,  
Knowledge of last a new obtained—  
My words pierced me.

Tight budgets fed vanity's enormous appetite for delivery in the 1990's, when sex was cool and the

The *Severnia* was a pair of larvae spread thickly on the tree as overnight blizzards. The ladies found that they spread it on and went to bed. In their sleep they ate it, snuffed it up their noses, got it in broken skin and pimpled. They died like flies, but their skins were white.

And this is where the testes come in and come in in a big way. *Variety*

And so it goes. Year in and out, Vanity claims victims in death, deformity and illness among men and women who forget that it strikes to kill.



## DEATH

## STALKED

## THE TIMBERLAND

Whole towns and families were wiped out in a holocaust of flame

It was Bloody Sunday—10th February, 1935—and the Gethse of Fire held high revelry in their own particular passion, the mountain timber land of Victoria, continuing around Noojee, Werburton, Powelltown and the Deodarsang.

This is the memory of tall timber, tawny, fearless bushmen, and women and children insured to hardship and begotten with flame. The day was dark with billowing smoke clouds that with orange-mouthed firebreasts, and its night brilliant with a thousand torches of destruction.

The bush caught at Gwent's mill on Big Pel's Creek, out from Werburton. Tom Donald saw the fire take hold. He was the engine-driver on the mill, and he "held fire" as only the timber men of the hills can and must fight for these fires. But this was no mere bush fire, it was a firebrand, denuded fire, of those that so man's hand could stop.

Centur made his timber beaten. Tom dashed for his hut. What was the hut, his stacks of furniture, exposed to life—his life, his wife's, and those of his three boys aged respectively eight, six and four years? To hell with the hut! To hell with home!

"We can't save the house," he yelled, as he reached the door. "We'll try to get to the old mill, we'll be safe there."

The old mill had been burnt out earlier. It was a stark, blackened denotation with nothing left to burn. It was an omen in a desert of flint fuel, it spelled life—if they could reach it.

With his wife carrying the youngest boy and Donald, the second, and with the oldest scurrying beside them, the family ran. Miraculously, they reached the track unscathed, but the fire cut them off and Tom headed down a narrow path towards the old

mill, only to find the fire deploying and encircling and the family hemmed in by a rag of burning fery.

In a last desperate effort, Tom sacrificed the child to his breast as best he could and, trying to shield his wife, took the first onslaught on his own back. When he recoiled and fell, his wife collapsed over him with the baby clutched in her arms. The eldest son staggered a few steps before he, too, dropped in his tracks.

Here, where the holocaust had closed, the storchers found them—a whole family wiped out in a few short seconds, and later found Tom Donald's house intact, unscathed, unlooted even.

Nor were the five Donalds the only tribute to the God of Fire on this tragic day.

At Warley's mill, near Goldsway, a few miles distant, fourteen men, women and children abandoned the plant and their homes to the on-rushing forces and began a desperate race for life towards the desolate safety of the township itself.

In the dense smoke two men lost contact with the main bunch as a wall of flame swepted at them. In a frenzy of despair they plunged headlong through the fire and, burned, blistered and half-blinded, staggered round until they fell into the creek. They reached Goldsway, and then Melbourne Hospital the next day, but not before the bodies of the other twelve had been found, briddled together in concrete death.

Meanwhile, at Nomin, on the Gippsland side of the timber belt, Peter Olson, his wife and three children were staging a fight with their home, their worldly goods, and their very lives, the violence.

Beaten back to the door, Peter assumed the retreat, and the family dashed towards water, and life, with the fire in pursuit. When they were but a few yards from success, snakes of flame caught them, leaping their legs, their arms, their necks, to sear-

ing tools. And there the Olsons died, except one son who, somehow managed to crawl to the creek.

The tall tally of death by burning on the fateful Sunday was thirty-one persons, men, women and children. All these in one day—the most tragic loss of life from this coast as the history of the Australian bush, for that was the most fierce and devastating bushfire even to ravage the Victorian timberlands.

When the shroud of smoke lifted, Mrs. Nelson, his wounds, took some consolation from the gleam of death in the stains of rain, however, fertility and mysterious escape which that day also witnessed.

On the Tuesday after the fire, Mr. and Mrs. G. Vennell walked into Powelltown. He was carrying his two-months-old daughter. After a desperate effort to save their house, they had dashed to the water—used but the boat had crumpled the bank and the life-saving liquid had flowed away.

To move the child from burns, the mother plastered its body with mud from the bottom of the creek, and the family sheltered behind a huge boulder, holding a sheet of lawn over them for protection until it became too hot to hold. Sparks and blazing trunks then forced them from their shelter, but the worst of the fire had passed, and their sams dragged on the creek to the township had been from falling trees.

In addition to the toll on human life was the toll of destruction and misery left in the wake of the flames.

At Kees, four mills, twenty houses, timber stacks, and miles of tramway were damaged and 128 persons rendered homeless and destitute. Here alone, without least destruction, \$20,000 of damage was done.

A factory, the school, and five houses were burned at Richmond Creek. The Goodwood mill, stacks and siding, and Bentons' mill were

A MAN just back from Seneca says that if he was re-examined he would choose to be a New York dog and live in luxury for the rest of his life. To add to the comfort of New York people Roscoe Telle has just released "Leak" which according to their advertisement is an exclusive advice for good house dogs. "Leak" advises March claims that it is devastating, has a close woody coat is not stingy and is so refreshing as a run under the sprinkler. Then why waste it as dog?

lost at Childers, as well as four mills at the Noyah-Labretouche State Forest, but the greatest destruction of residences and business premises occurred at Noyah, in the heart of the timber country.

Here the fire swept in from the west, where forty men, striving to hold it, were forced back as another fire from Loch Valley, in the north-west, hurried itself on the little townships.

Noyah was doomed. That was the last word received on that day; it came as a telephoned appeal to Winnipeg asking for a relief train to be rushed through to take out the women and children. The train staff cut red tape and started, but they could not get through, for the fire had burned bridges on the track.

No more was heard of Noyah until five o'clock the next morning, when Lee Cunn staged a daring and hazardous dash through five miles of burning bush and eventually reached Merrim and brought back a doctor and provisions.

Nearly Furman fired no better, for there only three houses remained

after the fire had passed. In that one night of terror, Noyah was virtually burned off the map, but it grew again—these places always do.

The damage to towns and plant close to the timber area was estimated at \$300,000, and \$200,000 was considered necessary for the immediate relief of the homeless and workless hundreds who had lost their all in the blaze.

The tragedy provoked the generous instincts of the general public. The Melbourne "Argus" opened a relief fund on 17th February, and on that day over \$11,000 was subscribed. This and other funds were later incorporated in the Lord Moyne of Melbourne's Fund which, by the end of the month had over \$114,000 in hand.

Yet the relief given from this source and from Government funds was not always wisely conceived. In 1913, every house except three in Furman had been built out of initial money, but scrub and broken fern were growing around the doors of several places in the district. On one property the scrub and broken fern were pruned up through coils of rusting fencing wire, "bolts" were which had never been touched since it had been dumped off a wagon nearly five years before.

This is one of the tragedies of the hill lands. The people will not learn even from bitter and tragic experience, or perhaps it is that they are so hard to fire and its havoc that they can permit the fuel for future conflagrations to accumulate under their noses, indifferent to its fire aspect.

The bush floor, cleared out by fire, soon gathers its habitual litter of discarded tops from the mill cuttings, and under-like scrub and broken fern thrive in the environment. At the head of the stock barrier at 1918, safe, well-built dwellings were constructed near every home and mill, yet by 1928 few, if any, were safe and most

had collapsed and were unusable. Fire laughed scornfully—and took toll of her lives in 1932.

The 1925-26 summer was a notorious fire period and disastrous to the timber resources of Victoria. As early as late October the severe had consumed 1000 acres of valuable timber country at Noyah (Blacksville), and some at Senecra and Okinda in the Andersons. In early December, Tallangatta, the Otway and Bullock areas were devastated in the latter place alone up to \$40,000 worth of timber being lost.

January claimed five forest land at Black Forest, the Dandenongs, Warratona, the Upper Murray, the latter being the finger of a tremendous fire spread over two hundred miles of country to Culbarra, Buffalo Tops and the Grampians.

These were the major conflagrations but there were hundreds of others, culminating in Heady Sunday and sweeping off to the minor holocaust in the Great Davidsburg Range where the small township of Koroitake was practically obliterated ten days later.

Since 1932 the efforts of bush fire brigades and of commercial forest

managers have begun to have results. The volunteers were organized, and worked in teams under experienced leaders and with improved methods and fighting equipment in the way of banners and ladders, sprays. The motor car improved mobility and enabled shock tactics and quick retreat to deeper spots.

Forestry commissions, too, have diminished the risk by clearing out undergrowth and getting substantial fire breaks, while the R.A.F. does a good job fire spotting.

These methods with strict supervision of grazing and timber cutting licenses, and of burning off periods are doing much to minimize the danger, but it still needs manpower and money.

Yet it should be a good insurance premium. We have lost timber to burn, only 140 per cent of our total size is suitable timber, whereas Canada has 381 per cent, and even Great Britain 44 per cent.

Even were this not so it is worth paying for, if only to prevent another Bloody Sunday. That can happen again.



CRAIG RICE

The mangled body of the boy's pet owl was the perquisite to a builder's murder.



## CASE OF THE

# tell-tale OWL

A SIMPLE episode. A simple growl. Just a few stones heaped up by leaving birds. And over them a rock, a large rock with the words littered on it crudely, in white paint: "Here lies Pete. He got killed."

Pete not killed, but nobody was satisfied, there was no coroner's inquest, nobody asked How, or When, or Why. Nobody?—well, not exactly. There was one, Pete's one and only witness. He knew that Pete had been killed. More than that—he knew Pete had been murdered!

But Pete's one and only witness was young, too young to know about police and coroners and laws.

For Pete was not a man. He was an owl. The little little witness's own pet owl.

Now owls are said to be wise, and we may take little Gordon Ulrich's

word for it that Pete was as wise as an owl could be. And, being wise, Pete would have known who it was that killed him, and that would have helped the police of Kelso, Washington, to solve without delay the riddle of another murder, a murder no less real than the murder of a pet owl, but more interesting to the grown-up world of police and juries and courts. For in this case the victim was not a pet owl, but a girl. A young girl—she was only sixteen when she died—and a child bride.

But dead owls, like dead men, tell no tales, so it was up to the police of Kelso to find out How and Why and by whose hand young Sybil Otto came to her death.

The police of Kelso didn't know it was a murder, not at first. And they knew nothing at all about Pete. All they knew was the owl came

enough was that a girl had been blown to bits in an explosion, at Delta Rock, about two miles from Kelso up along the Columbia River.

When duty arrived at the scene they could see nothing more at first than strewn wreckage and a hole in the ground where a house had been. That, and a young man sitting on the ground and weeping as he hugged the mangled body of a young girl to his chest. The victim was Sybil Otto, sixteen, and the young man was her husband, Rudolph Otto, wounded but not hurt.

The only one present who was able to show any immediate light on what happened was Charles Krawley, a passer-by.

"I heard the explosion and saw the building go up. I even saw the girl's body flying through the air."

Dorothy Ulrich, the victim's 13-year-old sister, told her version of the tragedy.

"I was standing right here in the yard. Sybil—she came out of the house and went into the building. A minute later it blew up."

The building which had been wrecked by the blast was an out-building of the Ulrich house. Rudolph and Sybil Otto had been living with Sybil's parents. Rudolph told his story:

"I was in bed at the time. I have been in the Veterans' Hospital for almost eight months with a bad leg. Sybil came in to see me just before she went out. We were talking—she just asked me how I felt and if there was anything she could get for me."

Could it have been suicide, perhaps? Rudolph scouted the idea.

"Kill herself? No, never. Sybil would never kill herself. She had too much fun being. She was wonderful."

Sybil's father, Charles Ulrich, desisted under questioning that he never kept any explosives around the place.

"I can't imagine what happened," he stammered, obviously puzzled as well as grief-stricken. "I can't imagine—uh—"

Unknown—but that was all police could learn from the girl's father. He opened a locked box under the bed, but pressed to venture an opinion, he only shook his head helplessly.

Did Rudolph have any idea who might have wanted to kill his wife?

"No—no, I guess not!"

Meanwhile, out in the yard, detectives searching the site of the explosion had picked up some copper wire and a dynamite cap. The latter could have sprung wires from the house, but that seemed unlikely, since the Ulrich children, playing in the back yard at the time, would have noticed it. The detectives questioned the youngsters on that point. They had seen nothing. But Gordon, the boy, did have something to tell, and it wasn't about Sybil. It was about an owl.

"I didn't see nobody today," he told the child, "but last Tuesday somebody killed my owl!"

The boy's sister laughed. Gordon was just a kid, she explained. But the boy persisted. He had named the owl, he said, and named it Pete. Pete stayed close to the house after that, and he was as nice a pet as any boy could want. Then—

"Last Tuesday I was over in the woods and I heard an explosion. I found my owl blown up, just like somebody blew up Sybil!"

Dorothy scoffed at the boy's story. "The owl wasn't blown up," she laughed. "Some farmer shot it with a shotgun."

Gordon stuck to his story. Pete was blown up. He could tell. "I looked him down by the river," speaking partly as one should about a departed pet.

It was a touching story, but for the moment it was overshadowed by what seemed like much more important evidence. One of the detectives



# WHO'S FOOLING WHO?

Men are deceivers ever, as Byron used to say.  
 Not nearly half so clever as the clever, cloddish way  
 As the women who do me harm with most like and least of guile  
 And even those whose intentions are all so vile  
 Fadden me and pander, as to make what sense I find  
 The more certain, and do as I please what else I mind  
 Still, a good discovery is to catch the woman's cell,  
 And at once and with a bang, to show the devil by hell—  
 And all the women will give you freely one a clew  
 Who when her company leaves that men are deceivers well.

had found a fatpoint behind a sand dune not far away, concerning the site of the explosion, and a thin line in the sand where a wire might have been led straight from the door to the doomed outbuilding. The marriage could have deflected the dynamite charge from its hating place behind the sand dune and then pulled the wire back, leaving that thin line in the sand.

"We have reason to believe your wife was murdered," police men told the young husband. Could he add anything to his statement that might furnish a clue to the identity of the killer?

"I don't know," said Radolph. "I can't tell you anything."

About other things the young man was more communicative.

"Sybil was just sixteen," he told the police. "She was only fifteen when I married her. The twenty-five. Oh I will be seventeen. My birthday is tomorrow."

He had enlisted in the Navy.

Radolph said, and moved during the war.

"I was treated in the North Sea. They sent me home. I was in the Veterans' Hospital for a while and then I came up here. I couldn't do much work, so I got a job selling lemons. That's how I met Sybil."

Sybil's parents, it seemed, had been against the marriage at first, although it was late at first night. The couple went to Portland and there Radolph took a job in the shipyard, but the work was too hard and his leg went bad on him, so he had to go back to the hospital. They had let her out of the hospital two weeks ago and he had come to the Ullrich home to visit.

Questions concerning other boys in Sybil's life, before they were married, Radolph shook his head.

"No maybe some school boys, but nothing serious."

And since their marriage—?

Radolph vented his gaze and looked grim.

"I don't know," he said sharply. "I've been in the hospital for eight months."

A lot of chattering into the past lives of both Radolph and Sybil was thereby ordered.

The first piece of information about the crime in light after only a few days of investigation. About a month ago she had disappeared from home and two weeks.

She had gone away and her family didn't know where. Mr. Ullrich was around town looking for her at the home of a girl friend where she told someone she was staying, but wasn't there. They guessed Sybil had run away with some man, but they couldn't or wouldn't, say who.

The girl friend with whom Sybil was supposed to have been staying had left and gone to Portland, Oregon, about forty miles south of Kelso. Police poked around and questioned. The girl-let's call her Phoebe—stated that after Radolph Otto went to the hospital Sybil stayed at home with her parents for several months in the case into town and went to live with her, Phoebe.

Told of Sybil's tragic death, Phoebe was shocked and stunned.

"You think Harvey done it?" she asked out.

"Well, the way Sybil ran away with him," Phoebe explained. And then she went on in detail. "She was smart and kind to have a good time. She married this guy and then he took her to the hospital. She liked to get out and get home but her parents were really strict. I think she met this fellow Harvey when she and her husband were living in Portland. She asked a lot about him, but I never met him. And then one day she wrote up and left."

Phoebe said she didn't know Harvey's last name, but she steadily denied that she was holding out on the police.

"Look," she said, "if Harvey killed

Sybil, do you think I'd hold out on you? If he did it, I hope you had him and his kin good. I liked Sybil. She was a good kid."

Radolph, the victim's husband, was equally determined about it, but he seemed to have his own private opinion about who he was and how he should be caught and punished. Told of the latest developments in the case Radolph said:

"When I got well enough to leave here, I'll take care of that."

But you can't take the law into your own hands, Radolph was reminded.

"We'll see," he replied delicately. "Whoever killed Sybil will pay for it. If the law wants to take my life after that—well, I have no objection. I'd just as soon die and be with Sybil."

He denied that he knew who the other man was, but he himself would attend to that, too, when he got to his feet again.

"Sybil was my wife," he said grimly. "I loved her. The revenge for her death will be mine."

The victim's father was also unco-operative, but for another reason.

"It is necessary to drag this up," he asked. "We are a very proud family. I have ten other children besides Sybil. We are ashamed of what she did. She has been punished for what she did."

He eventually agreed to talk, but insisted he did not know the name of the other man.

"We located Sybil in Yelm," he said, "but we did not find the other man. She met him in Portland while she and Radolph lived there. Radolph worked nights. All I know is that the man is a good dancer. Sybil liked to dance, and Radolph has a bad leg and cannot dance."

At the request of the Kelso police the Sheriff at Yelm tried to find a good dancer named Harvey, and it was not to his discredit that he was not immediately able.

**T**HINKERS are classified as "three-thinkers" and also "wood-thinkers" by famous Englishmen. Sir Cyril Hart, Three-thinkers think in valuable pictures and their mind is either like a continuous silent picture. Wood-thinkers hear the wood spoken in their ear. When they get a letter from a friend, they hear him uttering every sentence in his own distinctive voice. Their mind pictures cannot safely be sound trucks. Sir Cyril has found the greatest proportion of three-thinkers among children, women and most respectable people.

Time was passing and the trial was getting cold. And the coroner was getting impatient. He had notified the police, and the request was to be held the next morning at 10 A. M. It was up to the police to bring in some tangible evidence on which to base a legal decision.

It was at this point that Eric, the Owl, stepped—or should I say flew"—into the picture.

The boy Gordon's story of his pet owl was only a child's story, of course. But, on the other hand, they have also been known to turn up with a lot of important evidence, just when you least expected it.

The police of Kelso next have felt like grave robbers that day, but had to do it. They found the little grave where young Gordon had been—lying had his pet owl to rest. Examination revealed that the boy was right. The owl had been dynamited!

And now another piece of information diffused in. A man in Clackamas, Oregon, near Portland, had purchased dynamite a month and a half ago. Checking on this lead, police found he had given a power address. The name he gave sounded phony, too—

Webster East. A month and a half ago—that was about the time Sybil ran away to Portland with that fellow named Harvey. But what would Harvey be doing experimenting on Gordon's pet owl so near the Ullrich house? And what would be his motive in killing Sybil? When it came to me, who had a better motive than Rudolph Otto himself? Wouldn't it seem, then, to do a little checking on Rudolph?

Inquiries at the Veterans' Hospital near Portland brought quick and surprising results. The records there showed that Rudolph Otto had served on a mine layer in the North Sea. The superintendent said:

"Mr. Otto was conducting an experimental light with a new type of mine. We gave him a room in the basement to use as a shop."

There was no time to be lost. The coroner's inquest was being held that morning, and there was still one important problem facing the Kelso police. How did Rudolph get off the chair when he was in bed in the house at the time of the explosion. Testimony that was supported by others, including Sybil's mother? No trace of wires had been found leading to the bedroom. On the contrary, the wires seemed to lead out to the dune by the river. The charge must have been set off by electricity, and there was no electric power in the house.

The inspectors found what they were looking for inside a pillow on the bed—two flashlight batteries and a coil of very thin copper wire wound up on a spool. Otto had placed the bomb in the outbuilding, then he had run the wires out, concealing them somehow from view, and when the explosion went off, he simply pulled in the wire, reconnected it on the spool and had the whole apparatus inside the pillow.

The police arrived late at the coroner's inquest, but with the vital evidence in their hands.

Right then and there Rudolph Otto

admitted that he had done it.

I worked on my name so that I could give her the fine things she wanted. I figured if I could perfect a new type of mine, better than those I had put in the North Sea to sink the German boats, the Government would buy it from me and I would have lots of money to spend as Sybil came from the hospital filled with enthusiasm. Then I found out she had been away with another man. I told her nothing. I pretended I was sure she was. I was so I could work at my plan.

It is true that I blew up the owl.

I used the experimental mine I made in the hospital for that. I had the dynamite with me because I intended to go on with my experiments. I and all of it. I placed it in the outbuilding and ran the copper wire to it. When I saw Sybil go into the building, I set it off with the flashlight batteries. After the explosion, I pulled the wire into my room and hid it under the bed.

Which only shows you more how misleading clues can be.

And how even a dead owl, or a dead man, for that matter, can sometimes tell more than the living.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



IN TRYING TO SLIP OUT OF THE CAR AND INTO A FRIEND'S HOUSE, UNARMED BY THE WIMPLED, WITH WHOM YOU HAD JUST BROKEN A BELL DATE BY FLEADING A BAD HEADACHE, YOU LEARN HEAVENLY ON THE HORN

IT STARTED

# this way

Petronius polished up his leather belt and looked it round his torso. He was tired, but a Roman soldier with a good reputation couldn't let up on the spit and polish if he was worth his salt. It was salt day tomorrow, too, and he had plans. His salt-would buy him away from Petronius way back collecting his salt has never been forgotten, because his "salt" day was the first pay day. We still collect our salt, but the word has grown to "salary".



It was the 1300's, and at last people had begun to play "golf" without fear of prohibition, and not only was the ball liked, but it was whispered that Queen Mary herself had become an enthusiast.

And indeed she had. It was in fact she, who had been educated in France, who first referred to the ball as being "cudgy" — possessed in French "cudgy".

Hence—the "cuddy" of today.

Down in Chaucer's the ladies twitted round the old ladies. The established Chaucer's ladies didn't like it at all. There was a steady stream of ladies of fashion drawing to the colored mass for his expensive device that covered the thread as easily. The merchants joined them. But the old ladies refused to disclose his secret even when he died. That was in 1546 and the first needles ever sold because hookless, for it was not till 1620 that the art of making them was rediscovered by Christopher Güssing and his sons.



There was indignation amongst the city fathers of Brussels one September day in 1624. Other cities in Belgium were making tapestries so rapidly to them that the rich merchants were buying them without knowing.

The burghers got together and later that same year passed a law which brought the first trade mark into existence and protected their industry. The mark was a shield with a B on either side woven into the tapestries, the coat of arms of Brussels itself. Now trade marks are owned by almost every commodity.

Old for the firm laborer watched through the window of the workshop, then hurried down to the village inn "Mr. Whitney and Messrs. Miller have made a machine that weaves cotton from the seed," he reported.

Before the astonished villagers had collected their wife scores of farmers had carried off the machine to copy it. All Whitney and Miller had was the satisfaction of knowing that in 1790 they invented the first machine and productivity was increased a thousandfold.



## HANGING by a Thread



**MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING** fascinates the hardy souls that tackle dangerous cliffs for the sheer joy of walking up walls. Here is a close-up of the man pictured on the previous page held from death by a single rope as he climbs a forbidding letter-box "chimney" at Mont Camare in Canada. Skill and judgment, patience and steers are all important. Right, above—Delany, the leader, Pezzy Jenkins another member of the Alpine Club of Canada, keeps an eye on the rope. If the second or third climber on the rope falls, he can be held. If the leader falls—it's just too bad. Right, below—A nail in the wall is all the help the leader has when the pitch between ledges is too smooth.





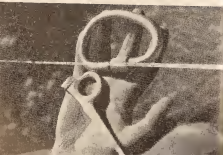
**NYLON HAS STRENGTH** as well as glamor if its in a properly coiled rope. Alpine climbers are as careful of their ropes as flyers of their parachutes. A tangle could be the difference between life and death.

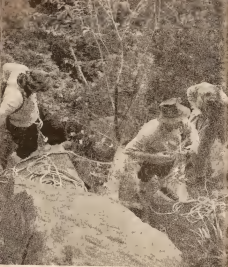


**OVER THE TOP** as a formation known as a finger-stand. First rule for students is that if one hand is moved the other hand and both feet must be firmly set. The mountaineer had to learn to do all this to get these pictures.



**TECHNICAL INTERLUDE.** Climbers' equipment includes special boots. Head-rigged, they have metal clips around the edges called "wood teeth". Centre stands are "margrins". Below is the Carabiner used with the rope and attached to it with a snap notch. The climb leader runs his rope through the carabiner, and last up pulls it free. These devices are with their ropes and equipment since the climber's safety equipment.





**BACK FROM THE HAZARDS** of the climb the Alpinists undo the rope that has bound them together through their adventure. Ropes are tied with special knots that won't slip or tighten and jam.

## WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK—



The petted woman's man"

Tennyson

## About Men

"The greatest enemy to men is men."

Burton

"The man who smokes, thinks like a sign, and acts like a Samaritan."

Lytton

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his gladiatorial exertions is like a peacock—the only good belonging to him is under ground."

Sir Thomas Overbury

"The men within the creek that sits,  
And to another's still submits,  
Is safer much (while he's asleep),  
And warmer too, than he then drives."

Prior

"Young men think old men are fools; but old men know young men are fools."

Chapman

"A necklace in the hardest stone that the devil can throw at a man."

Hazlitt

"No man is misjudged in the act of his life till he has been well tempted."

George Eliot

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

Young

"The man that has no friend at court,  
Must make the lion couch his sport;  
But he that has, by deed of fire,  
May make his sport couch the lion."

"

"Protestations with men are like tears with women, forget ere the cheek be dry."

Chatterton

"What a prove of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty,  
In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel,  
In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

Middleton

"Three things a wise man will not trust,  
The wind, the surprise of an April day,  
And woman's painted tooth."

Shakespeare

"Three things a wise man will not trust,  
The wind, the surprise of an April day,  
And woman's painted tooth."

Saunders



# SEÑOR TOMAS

## RUNS A WAR

★ LEONARD MARTIN

A REVOLUTION, thought Tomas Azenzo Humberto, was a thing! A very good thing.

His sharp little eyes danced playfully once again over the scribbled note that had been handed to him. Like a shin, nervously held he hopped out of his smoking office chair, slipped to the doorway, returned to his table, his thoughts on revolutions as such.

Revolution? And here was his Casa Verde warehouse bulging fat with those sweet uniforms and postcocks and garters that he had snatched up for a song after the Sierra affair last summer. Not one that all. These were the dandied merchant supplies he had hoarded at Azenzo, smuggled here as long lines like soldiers as the shelves at Rio Grande—yes, the hats were a little fuzzy and faded, but were they not hats?

He looked at the note again. Then he called his secretary:

"Margarita, please!"

Margarita arrived, stiff and languid and questioning.

"Senor?"

"Margarita, my sweet plumed little parrot, please to sit down." Tomas beamed at her.

"Child of my office, Guide of my Success. Your esteemed employer has news of the considerable progress!" "Senor?"

"There is to be a revolution, little one!" Tomas sat back and waited for

The double-cross put a fortune into his pocket—and then stood by him.

the news to him before continuing.

Margarita shrugged.

"Listen, little one!" Tomas spread the note before him on the desk, cleared his throat and read aloud. "Señor Tomas Humberto, I have the pleasure to inform you that my forces shall attack those of the present revolutionary Government at 1 p.m. on the Friday of next week. Please attend the time to 2 p.m." Tomas winked. "The General obviously remembered that riots does not usually finish before two p.m." Signed, José Ricardo, General Commanding the

Sappers followed Señor Tomas' progress with their bullets.





Rebel Forces of Bolivia."

"There is yet a footnote, little chervy. The General says he shall need uniforms, mackled supplies, hats and—guns."

Margate's lovely eyebrows raised themselves in understanding.

Tomas checked. Then suddenly he asked: "Of course, you understand, little one, this is a military secret. Now please to take your pencil and pad while I dictate terms to the General for the purchase of these necessary commodities."

Tomas was happy. The weeks that passed were indeed good ones, if somewhat quiet for a revolution!

Ay, ay—what a revolution! Uniforms, hats, boots, provisions, guns, underpants, and a hundred other articles of war streamed from Tomas' warehouses like angry ants from a disturbed nest.

Then—Montre de Dios—came the order.

Two million rounds of small arms ammunition. To be delivered at once to the Government garrison at Rio Grande. The cost? Paid to the count! Tomas was beside himself with joy.

Then, all at once Tomas checked himself. Or at least, Margate rather charitably thrust a stick in the wheel. "Señor," she pointed out, with a yawn, "we have not of the ammunition."

Tomas' heart gave a leap. "We have not of the arms—?" Then his face broke into a smile of relief. "But of a certainty, little person. There is much ammunition. Remember you are the commandant your honorable Father purchased from the late President of Santa Maria?"

"But Señor Dios, then—"

"Naturally! I go in the person to deliver the bullets within the hour." He strode imperially down the room—and called at the doorway with a tall, uniformed stranger who had just entered.

"You talk of bullets, Señor Mar-

quisito?" he enquired curiously.

Tomas straightened his hat.

The stranger went on. "Is it not a miracle that I should enter at this propitious moment, Señor? When I, too, wish to talk of—bullets!" He clicked his heels and bowed again. "Permit me, Señor, to introduce myself. General Ramon Olivera, of the Rebel Forces of Bolivia—at your service!"

"You wish for bullets, Señor General?"

"Of a million, Señor—say, two million rounds!"

"Two million rounds?" Tomas spread his hands in dismay. "I am overjoyed with steel for your cause, Excellency," he cried. His mouth drooped with surprise, "I already have I sold two million rounds to the reactionary Government forces, but these last few rounds I have not more of ammunition."

The General seemed unperturbed.

"Have you not delivered?"

"No, Señor General, but—"

"Then knowing as I do the minimal necessities of my army the Government, I do not doubt that you were offered—perhaps three millions per bullet?"

Tomas lowered his eyelids. "Per-haps, Excellency."

"Then all is well," the rebel exclaimed, with a resounding gesture. "We shall pay you five centavos per bullet."

"Cash?"

"Cash—even at this moment, Señor."

The General hastily scribbled a cheque, and handed it to the delighted Tomas.

Tomas scribbled and speed his hands in a deprecating gesture. "The honor you have given me is great, Excellency. To show my everlasting gratitude, I shall deliver the ammunition myself!"

"With my help," beamed the General, and bowed.

The bounding hills of Bolivia were painted pure gold for Tomas Alonso

Quisito. Before and behind him landed pack-trains laden with two million bullets at five centavos apiece, and on either side of the train duly uniformed rebels kept pace as they loaded the pack-trains towards their headquarters.

Ay, ay—life was good, even outside a hole.

He would have to do some explaining to the Government soldiers, of course. He had received their cheques and cashed it. But he had not delivered the ammunition. He would wait out, of course, but this had not been possible.

Was a possible thing happened. Each rebel band was standing with its hands raised above its head, and each man stood as armed Government soldier with arms pointing. For the moment, Tomas was stunned. Then his brow cleared. Why should he worry? He had his story ready and waiting.

Suddenly a huge Government column stepped up to him.

"You are Señor Huanabito?" He demanded.

Tomas bowed as best he could.

"The General wishes to speak with you," he laughed exuberantly.

"I consider it an honor to talk with the General," Tomas conceded.

All but they reached headquarters Tomas flustered and was immediately escorted to a large room furnished liberally with maps and brightly undamped officers.

He was pushed forward.

The General rose.

"Señor Huanabito," he said, getting to the point, "it leaves me doubtful I think that a gentleman of your own administrative ability should become so confused as to the destination of the goods he sells."

"Señor General?"

"Is it not a thing of much wonderment that when the Government buys a commodity it should be addressed to the army deposits?"

Tomas explained. "The fortunes of

War—" he shrugged his shoulders.

"... often fill uncertainty pockets," the General beamed for him. "Señor Huanabito, as you took such great pains to bring here, the efforts of my command and myself, decided to try you in your chosen. We found you fairly."

The General went on. "We have passed sentence. We have decided to allow you to return to Casa Verde."

Tomas' face lit with relief.

"Señor General! Excuse me!"

The General raised his head.

"There are one or two things I must explain, Señor. Casa Verde is from here but less rather by foot. If we had a horse we would gladly give it to you."

"There is my mule, Excellency—"

"Unfortunately, we have confiscated all mules, Señor."

"But—"

"You must walk to Casa Verde. Along the route you will see many camps posted. They have by now been supplied with ammunition—the bullets you wrongly addressed. I have instructed each of them to fire on you as you pass with your bullets."

Tomas Huanabito rated languidly across the water.

"Truly it is not wonderful!" he observed profoundly to Margate, "how the days change."

Margate plucked him at the straps in his hand.

"Señor?"

Tomas explained. "To-day Spring drive within me. Yesterday, I continued, unperceivably, 'my feet ached.'"

"The Casa Verde Road is hard and hard, Señor Boss?"

"It is paved with my foreprints, little person."

"It should have been paved with your soles, Señor. When the soles are hard about?"

Tomas shrugged. "One can not blame them, Margate. What could they kill with black cartridges?"

# the DROUGHT was BROKEN

They were brothers—but the drought had scorched their tempers as hot as the earth.

MADE J FANNING

KEN stepped into the kitchen. He shook his hat on the table. Dust clung to his clothes and covered his boots. There were red streaks of it on his face.

Joe was there. He was eating a slice from a stump of bread. An spread tin of strong-smelling fish was on the table and a jar of cold tea.

Ken picked up a cup and filled it, drinking the tea down in great noisy gulps.

Neither of the men spoke. Joe pushed the bread across to his brother, but Ken gave no sign that he noticed. He pulled out his rusty pipe and stank it between his teeth, then looked past Joe, out through the open door.

Three long years of drought had stripped the parched, man-baked earth of everything but the dry red dust. From where he sat, Ken could see their few miserable, under-manured sheep. There were but eleven han-

dzied of them now. They'd brought them across the house. He could see them standing close together in the corners of the paddocks, trying to get shade from one another as the blazing, merciless sun beat down on them. Scoured were lying down. Ken guessed they were dead.

"I'm going to take the sheep to town," he said abruptly. Joe was sitting on the end of the table.



Joe grabbed him by the coat and punched him on the jaw.

He looked up, startled, when Ken spoke. He kept his eyes on his brother's face. There was a puzzled expression on his eyes.

Ken was hating on his pipe and looking out the door. He went on talking. He could have been speaking to himself.

"The willow's practically gone. So is the wheat. We've got to cash in or we'll lose the sheep anyway." He

tapped the bowl of his pipe with his finger. "The drought's got to lessen. If some year that made me an offer for the place now, I'd take it."

Joe sat down his head. Something was boiling up inside him. There was a redness in front of his eyes.

"Like hell you would," he said in a loud voice.

It was Ken's turn to look startled. He had been tilling back on his chair, letting it swing on two legs. Now the other legs came down with a clatter. He took his pipe out of his

## AWAY WITH LONG HAIRS!

Long hair it is said is a mark of genius.  
Endowing an man a vast appearance  
But many a man, with thoughts as wild as  
His been reduced to incalculable  
When confronted by an untidy hair.  
With evidence of steepness and  
And consequently makes a way  
To search for long hairs on his coat.

mouth and not looking up at his brother.

"What's the idea?" he asked him.

"This," Joe said, and pinched him in the jaw.

Ken put his hand to his face, but he didn't stand up. He shoved both hands into the pockets of his trousers and waited.

Joe's eyes blazed. His face was white now.

"Since Dad died, you've run this place without asking my opinion on anything, without even telling me what you were doing half the time," he shouted. "You're run my life the same way. But you're not going to be on your feet if I don't help!"

Ken sat money-dead, hardly blinking.

Joe was almost hysterical.

"That's the place to stand, and don't forget it. I'll never let you sell. And you're not taking the stock either. I'd rather see them dead!"

Ken dropped himself to his feet. He took his pocket from a chair against the wall. He pulled up his hat. Calmly he walked to the door, then turned and looked back. Joe was watching him.

Ken softly lowered his question. "I'll be back when you've finished a bit of some into your head," he said. "I'll leave the sheep to your care."

He went out.

Joe heard his horse going down the back past the house.

There was a strange silence in the house. Even the clock in the kitchen had stopped. Outside it was the same. Not a sound. Joe gripped the edge of the table with both hands. It was as if everything waited—for what?

He began to laugh. "Quietly at first then louder, louder, until the sound of his voice echoed through the house. He had broken the deathlike silence. He was free.

He went over to the cupboard and took a bottle from the corner. It was whisky. Ken would take a drink only when he was in town. He wouldn't touch it at home. He had a good reason now: drink at home.

Joe poured some whisky into a glass. His cupboard had drowned him of energy and feeling. He didn't care now what happened. Nine years of pent up excitement and disappointment had broken free in one wild eruption. It was over. Ken could sell the place. He could do what he liked. What did it matter?

Ken was always right. He knew it. Joe knew it. That was it. He was always right. Even about Esther he was right.

Joe was sixteen when their father was killed. It was Ken then a year older his wife had died. He fell off his horse. Joe thought he had been drinking. He said so to Ken, but Ken had bowed his nose. Ken was thirteen then. He had taken over.

Joe liked tinkering around with engines and motors. He didn't want to work on the land. But Ken had shown him what a waste it would be. So Joe stayed on.

That was nine years ago.

They were partners. Ken said they were. That was what their father wanted. But it was Ken who made the decisions, who bought and sold the stock.

Joe was young. He knew that. But he got older it was just the same. There were the times he tried doing things without asking Ken. Something always happened.

Even the time he grew the pumpkin for the show. Joe liked performing. For a long time he had a small vegetable patch at the back of the house. He didn't bother about it now.

The pumpkin was a beauty. Joe had never seen such a big one. He stood looking at it every morning, wondering he now it grew while he watched. He decided to put it in the show. Ken didn't worry about it now. He said he was too busy to be bothered making up his sheep or choosing his bulls for people to stare at.

Joe was proud of his pumpkin. He didn't tell Ken about it. Ken hardly ever went near the vegetable garden. Joe came to only from the paddocks two nights before the show. He wanted to have a look at his pumpkin. He would cut it the next day.

He hurried around the house and bent over the garden. The pumpkin wasn't there. He felt about with his hands, threw back the leaves, even dug up a little of the earth with his fingers. There was no pumpkin.

He went inside. Ken was there, looking a place at hand over the fire.

Joe was silent. He went and sat in the corner and pulled off his boots.

Ken spoke to him over his shoulder. "I saw that big pumpkin in the garden at Mrs. Betts's," he said. "We'd never get through it. I don't like the stuff much anyway. The right young Bettses will make short work of it."

Joe was still silent.

Ken turned towards him.

"You don't begrudge them the length, do you?" he asked. "I think

the time you put in in the garden could be better spent, anyway. There's more important work to be done on the place than growing a lot of fancy vegetables for the two of us."

Joe packed up his boots and walked across the floor and out the door. But he didn't speak. Ken shrugged his shoulders as he looked after him. Then he went back to his cooking.

Joe took it badly, but it didn't last. He went down to the kitchen after dinner and got Joe. Joe was his own dog, although they used her for the sheep.

He swooped over the paddocks and out to the road, the dog trotting along at his heels. Evening was falling in a soft grey dusk. As he passed the Bettses's house, young Jerry was trundling forward through the gate in his bicycle.

"That was a beaut pumpkin you gave us, Mr. Joe," he said, grinning broadly. "The biggest one I've ever seen."

Joe dug his hands further into his pockets. His heart swelled a little with pride.

Mrs. Bettses walked down to the gate, a baby tucked under her arm. "You, Joe, it was a lovely pumpkin," she cried. "We had some for our dinner. It couldn't have tasted more."

Joe smiled and nodded. He walked on, feeling better already. Someone knew it had been a good pumpkin. It would have been a prize at the show.

When word broke out, Joe had wanted to admit. He had been in town the day the news came through. He wanted to put his name down then, but he waited. He'd get things straightened up a bit and he'd tell Ken. But he didn't.

One day a letter came for Ken. He opened it and handed it to Joe to read. It was an order for Ken to report to duty. He had joined the Army.

They were hard years for Joe, the

Saw that Ken was away. Joe had been almost happy struggling along on his own. Vic Bertman had helped him for a time, but as soon as he turned eighteen, Vic was off, too.

It was just after Ken came back that Joe had first noticed Esther. She was growing up then. He remembered her when she was lanky and awkward, like a spindly legged cat, with a mental brace on her downy teeth and putzle down her back. Then suddenly he noticed she was no longer awkward. Her figure was graceful and she wore flimsy Seventeen. She looked older. She served customers in her father's store in the town.

Joe was even busier after Ken came back. There were lots of things Ken wanted done to get the place in order.

While Ken was away, Joe had bought some paper. He'd decided there was money in them. There were only eight when Ken came home. Joe had built a sty himself, carefully following the printed instructions in a copy of "The Country Gentleman," and keeping the boards always white-washed and spotless.

Ken had been back a week. Joe went into town, and when he came home, Ken was treading down the walls of the sty and steadily stacking the timber.

"What are you doing?" Joe stood staring at him in dismay.

"This putting it down. It'll be in the way when we put up the new cow barn."

Joe clenched his hands tightly. His face was red.

"What've you done with the pigs?"

"I got a good price for you. That's what made me sell. Bob Winter came round this afternoon and offered to take the lot."

Joe nearly hit him then. It took all his self-control to hold the pork hank. He knew it was useless hitting him.

Then there was Esther.

They were fighting the third year of the drought. Joe went into town for supplies. The wheel was getting low.

That was the day he first began to think of Esther as a woman. He saw her as a woman. She was twenty. Her hair no longer fell on her shoulders. She had it twisted into a soft braid around her head. Her legs were full and pointed a bright new lot. She wore a low-necked blouse.

Joe watched her from inside the door. She was talking to Bill and Harry Burton, taking her hand on one side and putting her lips in mock disagreement at what they said to her. Her eyes flashed from one to the other. She was pretty.

When Joe went to give her his order, he found he was nervous. He remembered. He was angry with himself. Esther smiled at him, her head on one side as it had been when she talked with the others. As she looked him in the face, her hand brushed his. It could have been accidental.

Joe went into town as often as he dared. He stood around in the store, not in any hurry to make his purchases. He stayed afterwards talking to Esther, lingering so late that he had to ride like fury to be back in time for milking.

It was only a month ago that he had asked her to walk with him down the river bank one Saturday afternoon.

The sun had been shining. Even though the river bed was dry and the grass was burnt to black stumps on the banks, and he knew he must go back soon to the fight against the drought, he was happy. He took Esther's hand, and they swung along together like light-hearted children.

All the way home he thought about her. How could he ask a girl to leave him now? It would be years before they were on their feet again, even if the drought ended soon. What would Ken say if he knew he wanted to get married?

but was a month ago in debt.

A few days later Ken had gone to town. As they sat at the table to eat their dinner, Ken said:

"Young Esther at the store has grown into a seductive little witch."

Joe had his mouth full. He grunted. "Pity she's had her head turned away with all the fun the men make of her," Ken went on. "Her father doesn't take enough notice of her. I've seen her out in Jack Lawton's wagon a lot after sundown."

Joe swallowed hastily. Jack Lawton had a place fifteen miles out of town. He was always hanging around the pigs in there. His reputation with women wasn't good. Joe couldn't believe Esther would go out with him.

"Are you sure it was Esther?" he asked his brother.

"Positive. I saw her only a few nights ago when I went down to buy's. She waved to me and sang out."

Joe didn't believe it. Then he re-

membered how Esther talked to the men. He'd heard her. She always had an answer for them. Sometimes she chatted, she kept looking at him when he was in the store, standing in the background. He remembered, too, the day one of the men had laid a hand on her. She had pushed it away and smacked her face. But it had been done playfully, and she had laughed with them afterwards.

Once or twice he had seen Jack Lawton in there. Looking across the counter talking to her. He'd never stayed long when Joe had been there.

Maybe Ken was right. Perhaps she was just a sexy little flirt. Joe pushed away his plate. He wouldn't eat any more.

He'd been in the store only once since then. Ken was with him. Joe had known Esther was looking at him but he wouldn't let his eyes meet hers. Ken did the ordering.



and Joe discussed the drought with the men standing about.

Ken told him rumour had it Father's father was trying to carry her off to one of the Burton boys. It might be true. He didn't care.

It was getting dark. Joe raised his head and reached again for the bottle. It was slower empty. He pushed back his chair and stood up. He was a little unsteady on his feet.

Joe woke next morning to the feeling that something was wrong. He was lying on top of the bed fully clothed. His head throbbled dully, his mouth and tongue felt thick and swollen. But there was noise. He listened. Outside there were birds. A lot of them. They flew overhead swooping and shrieking as they went.

These hadn't been birds for a long time. They had left when the drought set in.

Joe struggled to his feet. His eyes hurt as the light caught them.

He went out through the kitchen.

The door stood open. He looked out then caught his breath.

There were clouds coming up. Great banks of them. Not the light, fluffy clouds that came to torment them through the drought, passing silently over their heads, or turning into vapour as they watched. These were dark, heavily laden, rain clouds. They had already blotted out the sun.

That was why he had heard the birds. They were flying before the rain.

He had hardly time to plunge his face into the little water left in the bowl, to light the fire for his tea, when the rain came. Not blessed, quenching, soothing rain, but great torrents that lashed the roof and the ground with a noise like the crackling of thousands of whips.

The drought was broken.

It rained like that for three days. The river had risen, angry and swollen, overflowing its banks. But Joe didn't care.

On the fourth morning he went out to see the sheep. They had started to climb before the sun began. They were fighting now to keep their feet. Water was sweeping down the hillsides. It churned the cracked, baked earth into a thick, yellow slush and ran steadily in the flooded paddocks until it covered the lower slopes.

As he waded through the paddocks Joe saw the lowest valley and Larch. The water was moving swiftly. It lapped the pastures in the sudden, salted ground. If Ken had been there, he would have been rushing about, shouting orders, knowing what to do.

Joe squared his shoulders. He was alone. That was one time he could show Ken he wasn't a fool.

Hours later, deep in the water, he was still working with plow and waders. The flood-gates had broken loose and had been swept away.

He was soaked to the skin. His back ached, his legs were numb. His

fingers had no feeling as he grasped the wire. His brain was fogged.

Where was Ken? He should have been there.

Sometime heavy bumped against him. He looked down. It was a ram, drowned, lying on its back. Behind it was another. There were sheep wherever he looked. All of them were stiff and bloated.

Suddenly Joe started to laugh. He shook his head, shaking those water-drops in the water. He didn't know why he laughed. Perhaps it was some the drowned sheep. Ken had wanted to sell them. He wouldn't let him. He had let him. But Ken was right, he was always right.

Joe dropped the waders. He was still laughing as he stooped to gaze in the water. His foot slipped and he clutched desperately at the nearest post. It leaned toward him, wobbled slowly, then toppled. His legs were numb. They wouldn't hold him up.

As he fell, he heard someone shouting. Ken had come home.



# Isn't it strange?

by Gibson

That although I buy all the best products advertised in the smartest magazines such as . . .



. . . the tooth paste which is guaranteed to bring lustre to the dimmest smile; not only does it cure everything from dentists to heaven's knee, it can also be used for cleaning door knobs.



. . . And I wouldn't dream of using anything but "Hairo" for what's left of my evening shave. Any day from now I will be mobbed by thousands of glorious women, all fighting for a lock of my hair. That's what the ad. said, anyway . . .



Of course, I wouldn't dream of anything but the best advertised suits and ties known. Yet . . .



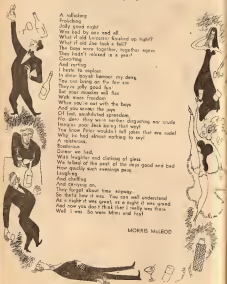
Isn't it strange, that although I use all these infallible aids to the pursuit of masculine perfection I ALWAYS LOOK SO MUCH LIKE ME?

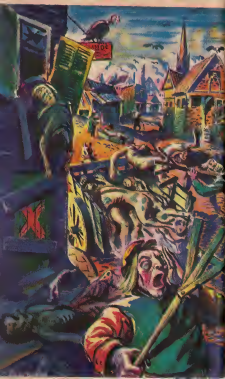
. . . and what a justice that good old "Peppo" factor is! Out of bed every morning like a jet propelled jet, slapping everyone on the back and being slipped down in return.

# *Little Woman, N.B.—*

A sallying  
Frisking  
Jolly good night  
Was had by one and all.  
What if old Leicester looked up right?  
What if old Joe took a hit?  
The boys were together, together again  
They hadn't relaxed in a peep!  
Cavorting  
And verbing  
I hark to explain  
In dinner-royal hamper, my dear,  
You can bring on the deer and  
They're jolly good fun!  
But your readers will say  
With more freedom  
When you're out with the boys  
And you know the joys  
Of foot, unobscured splendour,  
No dear! They were neither degenerate nor crude  
Imagine poor Jack being that way!  
You know Peter wouldn't tell jokes that are rude!  
Why he had almost nothing to say!  
A restlessness  
Boredom  
Gone! we had,  
With laughter and clinking of glass  
We talked of the past, of the very good and bad  
How quickly such evenings pass  
Laughing  
And chaffing  
And carrying on,  
They forgot about time, anyway.  
So tell me how it was. You can well understand  
At a night it was great, at a night it was grand.  
And now you don't think that I really was there  
Well I was. So were Mimi and Fay!

MORRIS MULLOCH





HARRY WILAND

## Bring Out YOUR DEAD ...



They saw lights and scuffled men,  
and died to travel in the dead-cart

It was nothing new, this shadow which rose out of the East and put most of the civilized world into a midnight gloom from which forty million were never to rise again.

From Greek times, mysterious plagues which came in a night and figured for years had been known to Europe. In Asia the Assyrians had come down like a wolf on the fold, and typhus had come like a wolf on the Assyrians, for that was the destruction of Sennacherib's army. In the 14th century the Black Death destroyed sixty million, and caused so great a desolation and lack of manpower that cross grew between the cobblestones of London streets.

And here again, in 1664, was a foreign sailor lying on the Whipping Stairs, clanking his groin and raising in agony. They ripped open his shirt,

and there, on his flesh, grotesquely patched with blizz, were the starting seeds of the plague, "the salerni."

The Black Death and the Great Plague were both barbaric fevers, carried by the flea from the rats which scoured through the stinking cesspools of streets, scurried in the head-high piles of household refuse which stood in stinky pools at every corner, haunted the dark, filthy houses which crowded with vermin of every kind.

Long before the Greeks had suspected that the rat was the carrier of plague (On the statue of Apollo, the deity who presided against it, a small rat was often depicted beneath the god's foot.)

But the people of Bostonian England had forgotten. When the Great Plague started the rampage they



A MAN who is worth \$2000 a year in his business capacity, but his capacity is dependent on a physical body worth about 1/10 in chemicals. Man is made up of 45 per cent oxygen, 15 per cent carbon, 13 per cent hydrogen, 3 per cent nitrogen, 2 per cent calcium, 1 per cent phosphorus and 1 per cent copper, zinc and what not. His body is soft, brittle and vulnerable and his survival is partly due to its spare parts. What are they? A spare eye, a spare ear and several spare fingers and toes.

their hunger, from the easements of dirt and slime mouldering in the sun; from the algae where rotting corpses lie in last stages of decomposition. For the dead-eat does not bather with bodies difficult to handle.

Here and there from an upper window a stoned white face looks out, belonging to the survivor of a household engulfed thus for forty days. For the weekly thrice method of isolation was effective, for the poor it was impossible, for no poor man could buy enough food at one time to last for his week.

They were always smacking their jaws with their disease-infected hands at food in the open markets, hearing the butcher's stands on Whitechapel, clattering at the stoned dead loads in the horseways, perambulating in the broad bare outside balconies, grabbing the rotting trash in the gutters, until the market place was a massed scene of dead bodies and bloody animal carcasses lying side by side. The butchers, such of them as survived, departed to the fields outside London to slaughter their beasts, sending the meat into the city on packhorses.

In other streets the people came from their houses to dance in the streets, maddened to recklessness by their terror.

In wild bands of men, hysterical, men, women and children behaved like animals—somehow every known crime in the last desperate bid for survival.

The noise of howling mingled with the moans of the stricken in this hell that was stifled London.

Uncontrolled lust, murder and rape were allowed. Other the dead were violated, women and fathers dogs preyed upon the dying, children were forsaken by their parents, and infants asked the poisoned breasts of dead mothers. Whole streets of bound-up, quarantined families broke out and strided through the city, spreading the pestilence far.

their. Ghost ships anchored, except by ropes, kneeled against the gaips strayed lands, valtures and eagles and crows, attracted from other countries, fought and squabbled over the harvest each tide brought to the river banks.

And through this city whose axle and eighty thousand a month were dying, came the double sound of bells, followed by another, more sinister, cry, "Bring out your dead," sounding the dead-eat, mangled by the yellow-birds, who were the only ones desperate enough to take on the job.

Callous, callous-faced creatures in frust coats, armed with long wooden forks with which they tossed the bodies, dressed only in the purple blanches of the disease, they threaded through the stinking lanes.

His were dug all over the city, and the bodies thrown in pell-mell, to be unmasked in a place avoided for a century after as a deeply-tainted "pest-field."

Only one in fifty of those who were taken away to the pesthouses or lazar recovered. St. Paul's Cathedral was the granary of the lazar. Its floor was covered with galleries, bedded with filthy straw, and as soon as one sufferer died another was placed in the narrow bed. The few attendants, once upon pest-beds and street-ways, paid little attention to the cries and screams of the sick.

There is no dreadful picture of these incredible birds of prey swooping themselves in window shutters and portulac up and down the channel in isolation of the lazar and below who once perished down that splendorful sink. The stained glass windows were obscured with a clammy mist, and every inch of the building was food and pathway.

These grim masses went out into the homes of the stricken, too. Doubtless, there were the heroic women there, but mostly they were hairy Gorgons, completely callous and often more

devotedly neglectful of their patients. Many legends remain about the plague victims. "They saw lights and scented roses" in case. Perhaps it was the onset of delirium. An apparently healthy person might be stricken down in the midst of a conversation and die in a few minutes, others lingered in terrible agony.

The true plague was spread and sealed by great swellings on the body usually in neck or groin, huge hair growths that eventually became gangrenous. The pain was maddening, and the only physic doctors applied was hot poultices in an effort to break the swelling down like a bed. They used violent drawing plasters, caustic, and if these failed they cut and scalded the growths. It is no wonder every word said with the victims sounded more concerned, almost unrelieved in the general catastrophe.

Despite the burning of pitch poles and the stuffing of cesspits, the plague continued in unabated fury all through 1603, at its worst during the hot weather. During the early part of the plague, fears were increased by the appearance of a large pale comet which seemed to be an omen of disaster.

Gradually the number of deaths grew fewer, in the country a small harvest was worked. Already humane was a mounting foe. There was no one left to express against it, because any form of authority had faded away at the height of the pestilence.

To the starving cities came little relief, and again and again over the next year the disease flared up. It was not until September, 1604 that the Great Fire cleared out the filthy hovels where the rats bred. After that, the plague was beaten, and when scientists, centuries later, proved that rats bitten by a flea from a plague-ridden rat was doomed, because fever became almost unknown.

But it took a whole city alive to clean it out of London.

# Women Gave

CEBRIC MENTPLAY

## THE WOLF CALLS



—And they were the sort who command more attention than respect

HAVE you ever missed a wolf-call?

Have you ever stood on a street corner while some particularly gorgeous piece of femininity undulated by and felt your lips pursing involuntarily in today's most popular expression of esthetic appreciation? No, not you, of course, Mr. Manly-cuddly—or are you kidding yourself?

Somehow the wolf has become syncretical of the virile male on the prowl. At the appellation "Wolf" uttered early by a head-bashed dancer, the men about town tilt his hat at a more risqué angle and baring his canines in a significant smile, the spring suburbanite strengthens his sagging shoulders and discharges the doctor's warning about his blood pressure, and the aspiring youngster drags out his brilliant impersonation of Camel Wilde.

And the wolf-call, or whist? The girls have come to expect them, and so react accordingly. It's a girl's right to be indifferent if she likes, but

her response would be nothing to her husband and some of failure if the expected tribute went not forthcoming.

Well, here it is straight from the shoulder, you askant of males. You've been strutting the ladies' thrasher. You're in the same class as that fabled and titled breed of lads who wore fustian underwear. The original wolf was a woman!

Now it's not easy to trace this business back to its very beginning, as wolves of the hairy, four-footed type have been around for about the same length of time as man. It has been established that there is no valid instance of a wolf attempting to seduce a man, but the reverse may have been true long before our ancestors could spare the time to invent a language of their very own.

What we do know for certain, however, is that there were she-wolves in Babylon in the long byethyrs of those golden days the town gallies

stroked the streets used to keep a wary eye out for certain veiled ladies who invariably appeared at that time.

And did the Babylonians smotheringly his appreciation in the modern manner? He did not! When the sighted something male that appealed to her fancy it was the lady who gave the "All clear" signal. The gaudy street note was the signal for the selected palooka to close in, smotherly and make his arrangements—on a cash basis. Yeh, indeed, the Sweetest Woman of Babylon was a wolf!

We next hear of it in Rome. We find a couple of free citizens of that celebrated metropolis standing in the gardens on the Palatine, about the city square. They have had a busy day—a session in the steam baths in the morning, followed by a sip or two of Polserman with the girls at the social set on the terrace, and an afternoon devoted to the arena and views season in the Forum.

"Well, well, Catus," says one. "Here it is dark again, and nothing seems to look forward to but one of those hangovers, with that bare Luvellia in the chair. Of course, the senexes will wile it up—right-minded! tonight, gifted pederasts, and little Poppaea dressed as a maud and served by Nihum slaves as a damsel—but you know how boring those things can be."

"Very true, my friend," replies the other. "One has to be there, if only because there's nowhere else to go. But that lighting advance for the Colosseum failed. It was all right while they had those Christmas stepped in oil—but how soon they ran out of Christmas!" He sighs. "How I would welcome something simple, uncomplexed."

Suddenly his wish is answered. They are passing a garden pose of two, weighted hedges when a plunking wood resound his ears. Catus pauses, raises one eyebrow significantly. The call is repeated. "Woo-

woo!" it wavers ecstatically. "Woo-woo!"

There were she-wolves in Rome. With their pines for many things, the animal Romans called these "Lupas," which means just that.

These girls of the professional class were beyond the city. Just why the men so is not clear, for Rome was not noted for its prudishness, and the men did not extend to their well-to-do women, the "Tiburnum." Being novices at their chosen calling, and having no assets except those provided by a beautiful Nature, they took to frequenting the gardens at nightfall.

Here they concealed themselves catty from view, and conducted their seductive campaign by means of the wolf-cry which gave their title name. A Roman palooka could accept the challenge, or he could work on with a money flask of his top. It was all strictly impersonal and without prejudice.

If he accepted, he was guided away to the comfort of an establishment called—yes, the *Lupanarium*. For examples of these interesting buildings exist in Pompeii and Ostia today. In their rammed state they are notable chiefly for the fact that each room has a bed, that each bed is of stone, and that so two beds are the same shape. The exact purpose of each bed is explained, even demonstrated, in lifelike and detailed engravings on the walls.

The profession of the she-wolf was not a dead-end one. There were career girls and many of them travelled far. At least one because Emperor of Rome. I say "at least" because there were other empresses who were noted enough to conceal their antecedents, though their subsequent histories indicated an experience that was not gained as the desired daughter of nobility.

A "Lupa" who found favor quickly became a "Hiberna," with a villa of her own, an established place in

the community, and a host of devoted adherents. The "Hittites" occupied a position similar to that of a top-flight Gaijin in old Japan. She was admired, played several musical instruments, sang, and danced. All these and more were at the disposal of the men on whom she chose to bestow her favors, for the "Hittites" was a low class herself.

All very interesting, you say, but all this happened two thousand years ago. What is the connecting?

Well, the fact is that there is apparently nothing quite so indisputable as a wall-call. The Romans spread their civilization through the known world and across the Mediterranean to the fringe of Africa. A whole host of towns and settlements grew along the northern shorelines of the dark continent.

Then decay set in. One by one the settlements were abandoned. The last of them fell apart when the mighty Roman Empire went down before the Vandals. But through these border towns many Roman customs were passed on to the grave desert peoples. Some of them persist even to this day.

One evening not so long ago I found myself in the main town of Beni Sassi, in Algeria. A French official, suggested a stroll down the street of the Ouled Nail. Now my experience of the native quarters of towns from Cairo, Alexandria, and Jerusalem to Aleppo and Damascus, had led me to believe that there was nothing new under the Middle Eastern moon—but I soon admitted my mistake.

The street was one of tall white buildings with narrow doors and festal windows, recalling a strange, semi-Indian perhaps that was at least pleasanter than the usual smell of camel-dung, yeast, and roasting corn. The moonlight was beaten back by the ruddy glow of charcoal in a hundred hearths. Behind each hearth was a tiny pair of stoned unadorned

feet, and passed in the glow was a delicate face of almost unearthly beauty.

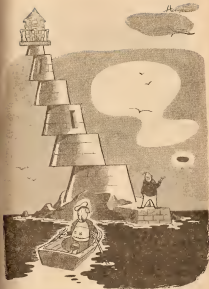
From time to time these girls touched their heads to their waists, and uttered a long, wailing cry. It was the Ouled Nail, at their chosen evening but also it was the cry of the Lupus and of the women of Babylon.

The Ouled Nail have a strange and fatal heritage. Their people were cast out by their tribes for some sin for which there was the only punishment. The girls are deemed almost from boyhood in societies which are designed to fit their bodies for a dual purpose—to dance and to attract men.

Their dances are the essence of the Greek, the pure original form which stain these trendy institutions we see in the night spots of Cairo, Paris and Marseilles. There is the poetry of motion. Often in the light of the lanterns when the drums beat their peculiar cadence a fat, middle-aged woman will appear and a group of known girls. For the long minutes of the dance she will change until she becomes more beautiful than they, for they are only the learners and she the adept.

In Beni Sassi, as in other towns, they are possessors of passion and of acute wit, even approaching the class and class of the ancient Hittites. They might carry a sword, a dagger, a bow, or even a shield. In their homes gather groups of artists and musicians comparable with the salons of the great French Indies. The wall-call that is their badge of office is not their only link with the jeweled and gorgeous past.

Oh, yes—where were we, Mr. Magillivuddy? I said. Where were we, Mr. Magillivuddy?—if you would just take your eye off that typist's desk. You old well, you! Shall we go and stand on that street corner, eh? Or shall we just sit and think a little?



"You—yes had a bit of a blow last week?"

## ARE YOUR ANTIQUES

# faked?



Hi-trusting this new furniture makes it much more valuable!

MARIE J. FANNING

A SYDNEY antique expert was sitting in his office. The door opened suddenly and a young man walked in. He looked excited, under one arm he carried a bulky brown paper parcel.

The expert went across to him. "Good morning. Did you want to see me?"

The young man laid the parcel carefully on the table.

"Say, you repair antiques?" he asked. His voice had a strong American accent.

The expert nodded. "I do restore them," he answered.

"That's good," the young man said, unwrapping the parcel. "Am I lucky? I've just shipped up a piece of Colonial Delft that's going to make me a nice little bit of dough back home."

He produced a large vase from the wrapping and handed it to the expert.

"See, there's a good-sized chip out of the top. But the folks I bought it from says it can be fixed so no one would know it was there."

The expert examined the vase as he turned it about in his hands.

"How much did you pay for it?" he asked.

"That's the joke of it," the young man said gleefully. "I got it for \$30, and I knew a man in the States who'll give me six hundred dollars for it. That vase is going to be a good profit!"

"It sure is," the expert said dryly. "You can fix it?"

"Yes. If you'll leave it with me, I'll have it ready in a day or two."

The young man was whistling happily as he closed the door behind him.

The expert called to his assistant in the next room.

"Hoo, Jim. Have a look at this. What would you say it was?"

A stout, middle-aged man with an unimpaired spectacles came through the door and took the vase. He inspected it closely.

"That?" he said disgustedly. "A cheap and bad imitation of a Colonial Delft."

"Yes, the silly young fool. He paid \$30 for it, too. It's not worth a flea. If he had any sense, he'd have got someone who knew antiques to look at it before he parted with his money. But unless he tells me straight out, I won't tell him he's invested his money in a fake."

The antique market in Australia is not big enough to provide scope for many such rascals. But faking antiques is done, and sometimes to the ignorance of the public.

The demand for antiques is at present enormous, however, that faking is a much more profitable business here. In America and Europe there are dealers who have set up copies of antique furniture, and the copies are big money to someone.

"Old pieces" of Sherraton and Regency style are to be noted by an added with worm-holes, and have the weather-beaten patina of time. The upholstery is torn, and the wood is dried and warped.

Unsuspecting buyers, who feel they would like to possess something old and valuable, or amateur collectors who know little of their subject, are easily deceived.

Fakers give the colouring of age to the wood by the use of walnut juice, pyroxylic acid of potash, or by burning the surface with sand.

At one time, miniature worm-holes were made with bushhairs, but nowadays fakers use a specially designed instrument which makes an almost

perfect worm-hole. The only difference is that the fake hole does not penetrate the wood as deeply as the worm.

When each furniture is built, it is subjected to a course of oil-treatment which includes painting with heavy stains, rubbing with sandpaper or pumice, and dusting with blast instruments.

The powder polished surface which characterizes amateur furniture is usually given by friction with wax after a slight coating of beeswax, in which a little wax has been dissolved.

A widely known antique store in New York became involved in the racketeering business. This was discovered when a customer demanded, unprovoked, to be taken to the store, and there found as employee looking back at a pile of brand-new customers to "sign" them for sale as antiques.

The business in quantity of antique furniture has not been attempted in Australia. There are still dealers which await the willing purchaser.

Antique chairs and tables have been knocked down into five or six pieces, copies of the original made, and a piece of the old wood inserted in each fake piece. Buyers, recognizing the genuine section, pay a high price for the article, to find later it is only wood-chip or one-inch measure.

In 1893 two bedsteads were made from the head and footboard of one antique bed, and sold without any trouble as "Old Colonial."

Faked furniture can often be detected by its weight. Chairs containing wood two hundred years old are extremely heavy. Even so amateur can be sure a chair is an imitation if it will tilt with little effort.

Bedsteads alone is no reliable indication. Connecticut makers weight chairs and tables with evenly distributed lead inserted into perforations in the wood and later sealed.

There is little present antique furniture for sale in Australia. A good

deal of genuine stuff is held by collectors and descendants of early settlers, but should these people express a desire to put a price on any article, other collectors and agents are ready to take it off their hands before it can reach the open market. Would-be sellers usually find it more profitable to send their antiques overseas, where a much higher value is set on them.

The word "antique" can be strictly applied only to products of the early and middle eighteenth century. Unknowingly, people have taken order from persuasive salesmen, thinking they were buying an antique. Order was not built into furniture until the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Genuine antique woods are oak, mahogany, rose wood, satin wood, and from Queen Anne's time, walnut.

The most common antique furniture seen in Australia is mahogany of the Georgian period, made near the end of the eighteenth century. The wood is of good quality and is weighty, but the furniture is plain with few distinguishing characteristics.

Faked antique furniture from abroad has little chance of escaping the close scrutiny of Customs officers.

If the furniture is brought to the country, the Customs authorities call in experts to certify that the furniture is genuine. If it is, no duty is payable, but should it not stand the test, full duty must be paid before it is released. The furniture is then stamped clearly and indelibly as a copy.

The majority of faked pieces are sold through auction rooms, where no guarantee need be given. Many buyers do not know they are deceived and written and signed guarantees from any dealer who purports to sell antiques should the article later be proved an imitation, the purchaser has a claim at law.

A case of wide interest was heard in the English courts a few years ago

A man bought a set of Chippendale chairs, consisting of twenty pieces, from a reliable dealer. The dealer certified that the chairs were genuine.

Ten years later a dispute arose when the original purchaser wished to sell the chairs to another collector. The second man called in an expert for his opinion. The expert was the dealer from whom the chairs had been bought ten years before. His second certification was that the chairs were copies.

The court ruling was against the dealer, when the chairs were found to be fakes, and he was obliged to refund the purchase money in full.

Poor imitations of old china are at present flooding Australia, and are causing reputable dealers a bit of worry. Most of the copies have been imported as such from overseas, but have fallen into the hands of people who are either unscrupulous or ignorant, and are being sold as originals.

Small shopkeepers play a large part in the widespread racket. Believing there is money to be earned quickly and easily in the buying and selling of "old china," they read a book or two, and become familiar with a few names. Then they commence trading as an "antique dealer."

It is not difficult for anyone with a knowledge of china to distinguish between the genuine and the fake. When porcelain was first attempted in England, a lot of experimenting was done with paste.

The first paste was a soft or artificial paste. In later years the paste developed was hard. Processes varied with the years as machines came into use, and many components were manufactured for cheaper processes and mass production.

Every piece of old china has a distinguishing mark. These marks are constantly being forged, but rarely do they fool the expert.

China described as "Old Chawna,"

and marked with a red or a gold anchor, has been coming into dealers' hands recently. Most of it was made at the beginning of the present century.

To give a piece of china a convincing appearance of age, the fakes expose it to apparent ill-treatment by painting or making, they clean it and repeat the operation until the dirt penetrates into the cracks.

Another method is to bury the china in a manure heap and let it remain until it has lost its freshness. Chemicals are also applied to etch the china and alter its composition.

Cracks or a regular network of cracking can be produced on pottery or on oil paintings by similar processes. They are the result of a difference in the shrinkage capacity of two superimposed layers. In the case of pottery, the two layers are represented by the baked clay and the glaze. In oil paints, the layers are pigment and varnish.

Overseas factories have added prestige to the confusion, as for as china is concerned, by imitating early productions. Before the war, the huge Museum Factory in Germany was copying some of their old types of Dresden, many examples of which

have now reached Australia, and are being sold as "Early" Dresden.

Japanese copies of early Chinese pottery are also on the market, usually bearing faked markings and dates.

There have been occasions when faked pottery has been hard to detect and has been accepted by the expert. It is now claimed that Australian museums are displaying pieces of china that are not genuine, or that are incorrectly labelled.

Antique china that has been repaired is not as valuable as in its original state. The newest restoration of this china is an industry in itself among antique racketeers overseas. Dealers have handled many pieces in Australia.

One large vase was bought by a collector in Australia in 1907. He brought it with him to Australia and took it to a dealer for appraisal.

"What value would you place on it?" the client asked.

The dealer looked at it carefully. "Ten pounds as an ornament," he said.

The owner was shocked. "I paid three hundred for it," he said. "I am sure it is genuine."

"A paragon of it is, but the rest has been faked,"



Tracing his finger around the vase, he pointed out a number of fine lines etched in the pottery.

"That is where the fragments have been carefully cemented together," he said. "Large pieces have been made out of plaster mixed with clay then polished with sandpaper and covered with a weak solution of glue. That prepared it for the ad point, which was used for copying the pattern of the vase. Then the glue was etched by a coat of varnish."

The vase had been so skillfully patched that only an expert eye could have detected the faked places.

"I knew by the feel of the vase that it had been restored," the dealer said. "The substituted pieces are always heavier to the touch than the faked pottery."

The smell of ad point will also reveal a restoration job. Even if the old smelting has lost all smell, the heat of the hand is usually sufficient to revive it.

Antique copper and bronze in olden times bearing a prize ticket in Australia, but excellent fakes were brought into the country before the war.

The old pottery found on these spots can be quite easily imitated. The action of sun, or immersion in some penetrating substance, will generate hydrochloric acid. The objects can also be treated with water containing ammonia, carbonic acid, or exposed to the direct action of vapors or vapors and acid.

A woman in Munich, U.S.A., was sued in 1908 by train customers. She was spending at a dealer in early American candlesticks. Her bronzes were being bought by collectors and wealthy families, and her profits had totaled more than 12,000 dollars before her faking was exposed. She had her own workshop, where she took new candlesticks, remodeled them to produce backs and fronts, then treated them with acid to produce a greenish, ancient cast.

Ironwork is very simply "aged," but strongly, dealers believe faked ironwork has not appeared at any time in Australia. Patina on iron is caused either by rust or by a slow process of oxidation, which confers a rich dark tone.

Next to pottery, the greatest sale for early fakes is in manuscripts and paintings.

Early in 1920 a factory was set up in Germany, which turned out copies of world-famous manuscripts by a photographic process. The intention of the organization was probably not to defraud, but to enable people who could not afford originals to obtain copies for a few shillings.

The "manuscripts" were excellently reproduced, and a large number of them were purchased by antique dealers. Some were later reported in Australia at a hundred each of about one pound, have now changed hands many times and are being sold for anything from twenty to forty pounds each.

Another enterprising concern in Germany before the war, lithographed a number of Neville Cayley's bird paintings. They were sent to this country and are being sold freely today as originals.

Works of other artists which have been reproduced overseas and put on the market in Australia include those of Heyes, Misses Gruener and Conrad Marbach.

Whenever a well-known artist dies, there is an increase in reproductions of his paintings. If skillfully done, and the artist's signature forged on it, the copy often passes the scrutiny of many people before being detected.

The advice of reputable dealers is that the antique-seeking public should get expert advice before investing in any article of value, whether it be furniture, china, bronzes, vases, or a painting. The sale may be made in good faith by someone who is quite innocent that a fake is in his possession.



It's perfectly big enough if you'd be reasonable and stay in your ditch."

# When brighter days return...



Most of the home plan suggestions that have appeared in these pages during recent months have been designed to come within the limitations permitted by the current restrictions on building. These restrictions have such a limiting effect that for a house of more than two bedrooms only the smallest rooms can be attempted. For those people who can afford the obvious course is to wait until brighter days return.

This month CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a larger home.

The house is approached up a short flight of steps beside the garage, leading to the front porch, which is sheltered under a concrete cantilevered hood. A feature of this angle of the building is the tall panels of glass blocks that light the stair hall, and give an appearance of virtuality to the rounded corner.

There is a large area of glass along the street front of the house. An open deck on the upper floor is very useful for hot sunning, and its glass cantilevered floor adds considerably to the appearance of the house.

The entrance door opens into a cir-

cular hall from which the main stair ascends in a graceful curve, while a smaller stair leads down to the garage. Double doors lead into the living room, which in turn opens into a study or den. These two rooms make a very useful zone for entertaining.

The dining room also opens from the entrance hall. It adjoins the kitchen, from which there is direct access by means of a hatch. Opening off the kitchen is a maid's room, with its own toilet and shower room.

On the upper floor there are four bedrooms, all capable of accommodating two beds. Three of these rooms have built-in wardrobes, whilst one has a recessed, walk-in clothes closet.

The bathroom is in a position that is handy to all four bedrooms. It includes a separate shower room, a linen closet, a mirror-walled room, and low level cupboards at each end of the bath.

The rear corner frontage on which the house could be accommodated is 50 feet. At the rate of \$150 per square foot the building cost would be \$7,500. On page 72 are photographs of a model of this house with the plan covered.

AT HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 45)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



FIRST FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR

CAVALCADE, October, 1938 77



**Living rooms**  
now have a

## New Look



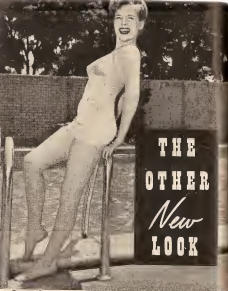
Although Marmite production has been greatly increased, it is suggested that you may still have some difficulty in purchasing all the Marmite you require.

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## THE OTHER *New* LOOK

**DRESS SENSE**, not Victorianism, made women drop the horns of the short-in-city wear. Hence again will they lose the advantages of health and beauty gained in the sun, nor the freedom of the sports and play clothes that become them so well. Bulky, filled brassieres and long black stockings will never reappear on bow-wow again. Typical of the mid-twentieth century beach girl is this beauty reclining in her classic one-piece. Her suit is decorated with tiny blue wavy markings (even riced to cloud). One-piece suits are most convenient (and safest) for girls who play the surf.



**TWO-PIECE**—even without the fishing net. Good-looking on the beach, these suits are less convenient in heavy seas. Lifesavers don't promise to rescue bra tops that come adrift. Stick to a one-piece for surfing, the decorative two-piece for maximum sun and air, and the two you love so much.



**NEXT GENERATION**—or is it this one? This happy pair in brief play clothes are healthier and cleaner-minded. The sun warms their bodies easily. They've no mock modesty about wearing appropriate playclothes. Mom leads the way, and very slowly, too.



**MORNING.** Check gingham makes the attractive dirdi that lightens housework on sweltering days. Designed for maximum coolness and ease of movement, it can be boiled, without being spoiled. Hot climates demand this sort of thing.



**NOON.** Away from the beach a brief two-piece might look conspicuous or out of place. Clothes designed to give the same benefits engender more energy, allow more relaxation.



**NIGHT.** Doctors say the most refreshing sleep comes when the body is not restricted, and movement is easy. This modern knee-length robe right as its plunging neckline allows every comfort and more restful sleep.



NOT A SWIMSUIT, as you thought at first, but a swimsuit with bra-top on a bikini and bloomers style trunks. It's called the "Bloomer", is made of perlon.

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



It has been discovered that asparagus is a weapon against some poisons. This luxury vegetable contains a substance called quercetin which stops the growth, and therefore the poison production, of the betulinic organisms.

Progress with four chemical compounds is being made against the disease, filariasis, which causes elephantiasis. The chemicals are: new antimony compounds, arsenical compounds, cyanine dye, and pyrazole.

Lead poisoning, once called a hazardous disease affecting painters, has been cured by use of a chemical developed during the war to combat war gas. Known as BAL, the chemical literally pulls the lead out of the bones and tissues of the victim's body.

A new treatment being used for children consists of doses of vitamin K, the anti-bleeding vitamin. Although it is considered better to give the vitamin by injection, this method is painful, and it usually has to be taken by mouth.

People who have had athlete's foot, ringworm of the scalp or even other fungus infection may be allergic to penicillin and streptomycin. If they get penicillin or other serious disease. The explanation is that the fungus infections set up an allergic state so that a patient infected with any one of the common fungi may

develop an allergic skin eruption in reaction with any other fungus capable of producing the same sensitizing, or allergy-inducing chemical.

Small daily doses of thyroid can help women who lose their babies prematurely, if continued through pregnancy. This has been reported by Dr. Eleanor Delf of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine in Baltimore. The thyroid must be taken under medical supervision.

A new vaccine that may stop undulant fever, a disease of both man and cattle, has been developed by Dr. I. Forest Bradford, bacteriologist of Michigan State College. Undulant fever, is passed on to humans from infected animals and its unrecognized milk from infected cows. It is a long, tedious, weakening disease which is commonly fatal.

Possibly the best made of acrylic plastic are helping tubercular patients back to health in the U.S.A. They are placed in the chest, holding the diseased lung collapsed and in the same time preventing a speedy recovery of the chest cavity. In 14 months experience of the new technique no complications have been noted.

High energy X-rays of 20 million volts are to be produced by a machine for the treatment of patients with a deep-seated cancer. A new betatron to produce the rays, first of its kind, has been installed in University of Illinois College of Medicine, Chicago.

# THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS



STORY OF THE PROGRAM, STARRING  
FRED MACMURRAY, HOLLY AND FRANK  
SINATRA, PRODUCED BY STANLEY  
LASKY AND LAMONT ARNOLD AND  
RELEASED BY R. K. O. RADIO PIC-  
TURES - ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

BILL DUNNIGAN, HOLLY-  
WOOD PRESS AGENT,  
ARRIVES AT COALTOWN  
WITH THE BODY OF OLGA  
TRESKOVNA, BEAUTIFUL  
HOLLYWOOD STAR.

YOU'RE HOME, KID --



HE IS CARRYING OUT HER  
LAST WISH TO BE BURIED  
IN HER HOME TOWN.  
BILL STRIKES TROUBLE  
WITH THE UNDERTAKER.

SHE'S STAN TROCKI'S KID?  
HMM -- DEADBEATS!



NICK REFUSES HER BUREAU  
UNTIL BILL RIVES THE  
UNRAID ACCOUNTS FOR  
HER FATHER'S FUNERAL.  
BILL REMEMBERS OLGA'S  
PAST --

I AM DOING IT TILL  
HER PA'S BILL'S FRED!



ATTRACTED TO HER, HE  
SAVES HER JOB, BUT  
DOESN'T DATE HER --

GIVE HER A BREAK --



HE REMEMBERS WHEN  
HE FIRST SAW OLGA. IT  
WAS AT A REHEARSAL  
WHEN, AS AN EXPERIENCED  
CHORUS GIRL, SHE WAS  
ABOUT TO BE FIRED --

GET YOUR HAT AND GO!



A YEAR LATER BILL  
SEES HER AGAIN ON  
XMAS EVE. HE TAKES  
HER TO SUPPER --



AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT,  
OLGA TELLS HIM OF HER  
DEAD FATHER'S LOVE OF  
MUSIC -- SHE WANTS TO  
GO TO HOLLYWOOD --



BEFORE THEY LEAVE, BILL  
REALIZES HE IS IN LOVE  
WITH OLGA. SHE GIVES  
HIM A ST MICHAEL'S MEDAL.



MONTHS LATER BILL IS WORKING FOR MARCUS HARRIS, FILM MAN, WHO IS MAKING JOAN OF ARC. HARRIS FIRES HIS TEMPERAMENTAL OLGA, ANNA.

OKAY--YOU'RE FIRED!



BILL DISCOVERS OLGA WAS ANNA'S STAND-IN. HE HAD DINNER AT HER APARTMENT --- SUDDENLY HE THINKS OF HER AS JOAN!

YOU KNOW OLD ANNA'S ROLE, BABY?



OLGA PLAYS A SCENE FOR HIM ---



BILL REALIZES OLGA'S TALENT TALKS TO HARRIS WHO AGREES TO SEE HER



NEXT DAY HARRIS IS RELUCTANT TO HAVE OLGA TESTED, BUT HER ARROGANCE FORCES HIM TO DO SO ---



OLGA IS A SUCCESS, GETS THE ROLE, HOUNDED BY REPORTERS, SHE IS ALWAYS TIRED ---

YES, I WAS A CHORUS GIRL



# We ALL agree on Tek!



"Tek 3 now runs our bar! Cleans all my teeth easily!"

"I like Tek Junior! It's over in one day!"

I PREFER TEK PROFESSIONAL!

There is a Tek toothbrush for each member of the family. Correct shape . . . Best nylon bristles . . . Super lasting Chrome Tek Professional, Tek Junior or Tek Junior!

# Tek

THE EASY TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

175

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

ONE DAY, IN HER DRESSING ROOM, BILL DISCOVERS SHE IS ILL.....



BILL GOES TO THE DOCTOR WHO IS TREATING HER, FINDS SHE HAS ADVANCED TUBERCULOSIS. SHE HAS NAMED HIM AS HER NEXT OF KIN.....



OLGA FINISHES THE PICTURE. HER ACTING OF JOAN'S DEATH SCENE IS INSPIRED.....



NEXT DAY SHE DIES.... BEFORE SHE DIES SHE ASKS TO BE BURIED AT ST. MICHAEL'S IN COALTOWN



HARKER TELLS BILL HE CAN'T RELEASE "JOAN" WITH A DEAD STAR.....

SHE DIED TO MAKE IT!



BILL LEAVES HIS TOB, TAKES OLGA'S BODY HOME. HE FINDS COALTOWN CALLOUS MONEY IS WHAT PEOPLE WANT. NO ONE WILL CARRY OLGA'S CORPIN OUT OF FRIENDSHIP



THE BRAND  
WITH A PENGUIN

*Sovereign Hats...*  
*fit for a King*

ANOTHER DEFENDABLE TOP DOG PRODUCT



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important new features at your  
Authorised S.T.C. Retailer

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NICK, THE UNDERTAKER, ASKS FOR PAYMENT IN ADVANCE. BILL PROMISES IT BUT IS BROKE.

NOPE - PAYMENT BEFORE THE HEARSE PULLS OUT.



HE REFUSES TO HAVE THE SERVICE AT COALTOWN'S FASHIONABLE CHURCH, AND GOES TO ST MICHAEL'S.



THERE HE FINDS FATHER PAUL WHO IS WILLING TO CONDUCT THE FUNERAL WITHOUT PAYMENT.



THE PRIEST ADMITS TO BILL THE CHURCH IS IN DEBT THE ROOF LEAKS - MORE SERIOUS ATTENDANCE IS POOR.



I WANT NO FEE.

ST MICHAEL'S NEEDS A PRESS AGENT.

BILL GOES TO THE CEMETERY TO SAVE WHERE OLGA WILL BE BURIED. HE REMEMBERS THAT SHE ASKED FOR THE BELLS.



BILL GETS AN IDEA HE'LL HAVE THE BELLS IN THE TOWN'S FIVE CHURCHES RING FOR THREE DAYS.



THEY'LL HAVE TO HIRE MEN



HE THINKS THE ENORMOUS  
PUBLICITY MAY FORCE  
HARRIS INTO RELEASING  
THE PICTURE. HE WIRE  
HIM FOR MONEY FOR  
FUNERAL EXPENSES

THE BELLS BEGIN TO  
RING. REPORTERS RUSH  
TO THE TOWN

TELEGRAM UNION  
CAN SAVE JOAN  
ASK NO QUESTIONS  
WIRE 10,000 DOLLARS  
BILL



ONE OF THEM RECOGNIZES  
BILL AS HARRIS' PRESS  
AGENT. HE THREATENS  
TO EXPOSE THE BILL  
RINGING AS A STUNT

BILL TELLS THEM THE  
STORY. THEY HELP HIM  
AND SEND BIG REPORTS

YEAH, DUNNIGAN? IT'S A  
STUNT TO PUT OVER A  
FLIP MOVIE



COALTOWN IS IN THE  
SPOTLIGHT BUT HARRIS  
TELEGRAPHS HE WON'T  
RELEASE PICTURE

THE BELLS RING ON  
VISITORS WHO FLOCK TO  
THE TOWN GO TO SEE  
OLGA'S COFFIN AT ST  
MICHAEL'S. REMAIN  
TO PRAY



THE WORLD AGREES ON  
"GILBEY'S  
PLEASE"



DON'T SAY GIN  
SAY

GILBEY'S  
THE INTERNATIONAL FAVOURITE

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HARROGATE H.B.W.



22 5 55

A REPORTER TELLS BILL THAT WATSON, COUNTOWN'S WEALTHY MINE OWNER, WANTS TO STOP THE BELLS.



BILL KINGS THE STATE GOVERNOR PERSUADES HIM TO PROCLAIM A DAY OF MOURNING IN PENNSYLVANIA FOR OLEA.



HARRIS WISES HE IS REMAKING "JOAN" WITH JENNIFER JONES AS STAKE. BILL KEEPS THE NEWS TO HIMSELF.....



AT MASS, PEOPLE NOTICE THAT THE STATUES OF ST. MICHAEL AND THE VIRGIN ARE TURNING LOOK / LOOK! -- THEY'RE MOVING!



DEVOUT PILGRIMS FLOCK TO ST. MICHAEL'S TO SEE THE MIRACLE..



FATHER PAUL TELLS BILL THERE IS NO MIRACLE. ONLY OLD NINE SHAPES UNDER THE CHURCH SHIFTING WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE PILGRIMS....



BILL PERSLUADER'S FATHER PAUL NOT TO TELL THE PEOPLE, TO KEEP THE MIRACULOUS ILLUSION



HARRIS, IN HOLLYWOOD, THINKS THE "MIRACLE" IS ANOTHER OF BILL'S STUNTS



BUT HARRIS HEARD A BROADCAST FROM COALTOWN BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

WHEN OLGA TRESKOVNA WAS BROUGHT HOME A WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED



BILL TELLS FATHER PAUL HIS FAITH IS RE-NEWED HE BEAULY BELIEVES IN THE MIRACLE



CONVINCED THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE STORY, HARRIS CHAR-TERS A PLANE, FLIES TO COALTOWN



HARRIS ARRIVES, IS CON-VINCED OF THE MIRACLE, TELLS BILL AND FATHER PAUL OF PLANS WHICH MEAN THAT OLGA WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN IN COALTOWN



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STORIES



## KILL AND BE DAMNED

AL COON was a killer and he'd waited to get them for four long years.

DON JAMES

SOMEONE walked down the hallway. Both of us listened to the footsteps. They passed, and I relaxed and lit another cigarette.

He's got up from a chair, walked across the room and turned on the radio. She found a symphony and kept it soft. Music seemed to do things for her. She needed it.

"Mom, I'm frustrated," she said. She rubbed a hand and pushed her

hair back over an ear, nervously.

I tried to smile reassuringly. A husband is supposed to be strong and reassuring and protective. In three years of married life, I'd tried to give her all of those things as well as the rest that goes with marriage.

"I think you're worrying too much," I said. "He won't come here. He's too smart. And the cops will have him any moment."

The telephone rang and I answered it was Mike Berlie on the city desk of the paper.

"Ad Cray's in town all right," he said "Gleason just called from headquarters. Someone tipped the cops. They're on it."

"Thanks, Mike. Anything else?" "Sure follow-up on the person break. The guard that Cray stabbed died. The guard carried a gun. He's gone, so they know Cray's armed."

"Call me if you get more."

"Yeah. And Mike—you can relax. Gleason says they've assigned a man to you and Helen. They're not taking any chances."

"That suits me," I admitted. "I'll write the column here tomorrow and send it in by messenger. Okay?"

"Right. You and Helen stay in the apartment. Cray said he'd kill both of you if he ever got out. He's tough enough to do it if he gets a chance."

"We're staying here until it's safe."

"I hung up and the telephone rang again before I could turn away."

"George McKay?" a firm voice asked.

"Yes."

"Lieutenant Bush, Police Headquarters. We're placing a man across the street from your apartment. There's only one entrance Cray could use to get into the building. If he shows up, we want to get him in the street, rather than take a chance on a gun-play inside."

"Thanks, Lieutenant."

"Our man's name is Bruce. He's wearing a grey suit and hat. If anything makes you suspicious, raise and lower your blind several times. He'll be in to see you."

"Good."

"Keep your door locked and don't open it unless you know who's outside."

"Will you let me know when you get home?"

"I'll call at once."

Helen was in the kitchen when I put the telephone down. I went in

and she was making coffee. I put my arms about her and held her.

"They know he's in town and we have protection outside," I said. "They'll get him. We can stop worrying."

She didn't answer for a moment, and then she whispered, "I'll never feel safe until he's dead, Mike," she said.

It was only because the penalty for murder in this state is life imprisonment that Ad Cray was not dead.

It had all happened four years before, back on the days when Ad was making headlines with his brilliant defense tactics in the criminal courts.

If there were a few noted cynics about the amount of time he had with some of the top racketeers in the city, these never was much and openly. Ad Cray had come up the hard way, putting himself through law school, and most people were willing to give him a pat on the back for making a name for himself.

I had known him since my early days on the police beat for the paper, and we had become close friends. I knew more about the background of Ad's connections with the underworld than I would admit, even to him, but I also realized that he needed them in his business.

And, of course, there was Helen. She was sitting at Harry Perlow's night club, and she was wearing Ad's emerald ring.

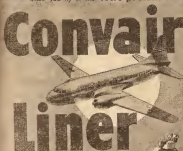
Ad and I used to stop at the club and wait for her. Sometimes there would be a little party afterwards with some girl for me. That other girl for me never meant anything. I was in love with Helen, her coal-black hair, the blue eyes, the throat that blended into the woman she was.

I tried hard never to let it come to the surface, and if Ad suspected it, he never told me. Helen knew it, although I had never told her.

Ad shut and killed Carl Clark shortly before seven o'clock one summer

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when you fly in the TAA 'pressurised'



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evening in his office safe.

It was one of those days when the three of us were going to have dinner together. At four o'clock, Ad called me and said he'd be late. Would I pick up Helen and would both of us meet him at his office? He'd found a new place to eat out on a highway and we'd drive out in his car.

At ten minutes after seven, Helen and I walked down a hallway in the office building to his suite of rooms. The outer door was unlocked, and we went in.

Obviously Ad was alone in the suite, as the receptionist was gone, and her desk tilted for the night. The doors to the offices occupied by the two young attorneys who worked with him were open and the desks abandoned.

Helen walked straight to Ad's office, making some crack about our being late, and opened the door. She stepped into the room and then she stopped and I saw her become tense.

I looked over her shoulder and swallowed hard.

Ad stood by his desk looking down at Clyde. Ad had a gun in his hand. I didn't know so much hostility could be in an expression.

He must have known we were there because he looked up and reminded us with solemn eyes: "This is a hell of a room," he said. "It's going to take some careful planning."

I walked past Helen and looked down at Clyde. He was the best shot cashier in town. A hard, manly one who knew and played all the angles.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

Ad shrugged and put the gun on his desk. "He got something on me, and tried to use it. He wanted something I wouldn't do for him. He threatened to get me disbarred if I didn't. He could do it, too."

"You killed him?" Helen gasped.

"That's right," he said quietly. "Look at it this way, Helen. He had it coming. He's been instrumental

in the death of half-a-dozen men. I know. I worked for him. Killing him was doing the overrarity a favor. It was doing what the law should have done, but couldn't."

She shook her head and looked away.

Ad's lips tightened and he looked at me.

"We'll have to work fast," he said. "There's a self-operating service elevator. The landing is perfectly empty. We'll get him down to the basement garage where my car is. I'll get the accident in his office and out of the way. You pile Clyde's body into the back of my coupe. We'll get rid of him out in the country."

I stared at him.

He shrugged. "What's the matter? You're my best friend, aren't you? You know he had it coming."

Helen spoke again in a low voice. "Ad! You can't!"

"Why not?" he demanded. "Neither of you can let me down." He looked at us confidently, his broad shoulders poised, his dark eyes alert and even.

I saw the look of horror that came into Helen's eyes. I saw it reflected in Ad's eyes. The way they narrowed and the hard, angry flare in them.

"You'll do as I say," he said.

His hand reached for the gun.

I hit him with all of my 138 pounds.

He didn't get up.

Helen and I looked at one another for a long moment without speaking. Then tears bursted to her eyes, and she turned away and went out into the reception room. I watched her through the open doorway as she sank down into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook with sobs and then I saw her take the engagement ring from her finger. Her head was bowed and she stared at the diamond for seconds, then dropped it hastily to the floor. She looked up at me.

"I was wrong, Mac. I made a mistake," she said humbly.

I took a deep breath and looked

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down at Ad. He was breathing lightly, looking as if he were asleep.

I picked up the telephone and called the police.

Helen and I were the prosecutor's witness. The jury convicted Ad within half an hour. As they took us out of the courtroom he managed to stop and look at us with bitterness and hate. "I'll get out," he said. "When I do—I'll kill you. Both of you."

They took him away then, and Helen's hand was clenched tightly as I held it.

"It's all right," I told her. "We'll never get out."

She sat at our rooming lips. "Mac—Mac, I'm frightened."

Afterwards, when I took Helen home, she turned at her door and looked up at me. "Mac, I was so mistaken. I don't know—I'm not sure. I don't believe I ever loved him."

"Don't think about it."

Suddenly she was in my arms.

After we were married the following year, the shadow of Ad Cross gradually left us, and if either of us thought about the man in prison who carried murder in his heart, we never told the other. It was something to forget, something to be amazed in the happiness that we found in one another.

The news flash that Ad Cross had escaped was like the dropping of an atom bomb into our happiness. Now as I held her and listened to the fear in her voice, I felt the cold edge of prosecution knife through me.

If he had hated us as the day he had been convicted, what had that hate become now that we were married?

I shuddered and held Helen closer. "Let's have our coffee," I said. "We're getting the Yellows. We'll have to jump out of it."

The coffee didn't help much. Before we went to bed, I pulled the blind back and carefully looked into the street. A man stood in a door-

way across from the apartment house. There was a feeling of security in seeing the Detective, Brien, there and knowing that someone would be on guard all night.

It was probably the only reason we could get to sleep.

The tapping was light and insistent. Abruptly I was woken awake and reached for the gun on the night stand.

Helen was sitting up when I snatched on a jump, her eyes wide with alarm.

"Mac! What's happening?"

I shook my head and got out of bed. At the apartment door I stopped to see who and spoke through the panel.

"Who is it?"

"Brien. I need your help and I have to see the phone."

The voice was very low, as if he didn't want to awaken anyone else in nearby apartments.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I think someone's on the roof. I'm coming in with you until we can get a squad out here. Let me in."

From the bedrooms Helen called softly, "What is it, Mac?"

"Brien. He thinks Ad is on the roof. We're going to get help."

I lowered the gun and snatched back the bolt lock on the door.

The men outside pushed in so quickly I was thrown off balance. A gun in his hand aimed viciously and cracked against my wrist. I dropped my gun.

Ad Cross closed the door behind him and aimed his gun at me. "He been a long time, Mac," he said.

My stomach muscles quivered into tight knots to resist the menace of the gun. I felt dryness in my mouth. The gun in my arm was lost in the shock of facing Cross.

"No, Ad?" I said. "Wait!"

"Wait?" I've waited. Too long. Where's Helen?"

"Ad, you can't—"

"Where is she?"



## Rome's GREATEST POSSESSION

In the history of Ancient Rome there are many interesting legends and fables, ranging from those which are well-known, such as the legend of Romulus and Remus, to those which are not so famous. Amongst these, one of the most interesting is the story of Marcus Curtius.

After the sack of Rome by the Gauls in the early fourth century B.C., the Romans worked feverishly on the reconstruction of their city. Colonies were set up, rebellious neighbours crushed and, in general, the city prospered. The civic and judicial administration was carried out in the Forum, given the distinctive name of Forum Romanum, it was built on a flat and marshy space between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills. In the very early days of Roman history, athletic competitions and market sales were carried out in the Forum, but in the latter part of the fourth century the Forum acquired a new dignity when the code of laws known as the Twelve Tables was enacted and posted there.

The Forum now became a symbol... a symbol of Roman law and order but, in 362 B.C., all that it represented was threatened by an unexpected blow—an earthquake rocked the city and a great chasm appeared in the Forum itself. Fear and panic prevailed. The

*With all her conquests Rome's greatest possession was still found under her city walls.*

whole population was demoralized by rumours that Rome's last days had come.

To add to the general despair, the oracle declared that the chasm would never close until Rome's greatest possession was thrown into it. The people were at a loss to interpret the prophecy until Marcus Curtius, a noble youth, stepped forward and, declaring that the state possessed no greater treasure than a brave citizen leaped, fully armed and on horseback, into the chasm which immediately closed.

This legendary hero of Ancient Rome set an example of civic responsibility which has been handed down to us through the ages. But to-day, our sense of civic responsibility has changed from a single effort, such as Marcus Curtius' deed, to one of mutual aid... and typical of mutual aid is the great institution of Life Assurance.

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Then Helen spoke quietly from the doorway behind me.

"How did you get here, Ad?"

He smiled crookedly and his eyes swept beyond me to her for an instant. "Hello, Helen. You're still beautiful. How did I get in here?" He laughed thickly. "I thought they'd have a shake-out. It was logical but they shouldn't have used a man I know. I spotted Briton at once. He got cold and went for a stroll in front of the phone. That was a mistake. He's unconscious in one of those dark stairways down there."

I stepped back so that I was beside Helen. She spoke again, "What are you going to do, Ad?"

"I said I'd kill you both. Nothing has changed."

He looked at me and continued, "You took more of things, didn't you? You put me away and got you Helen. It was neat."

"This is so good, Ad," Helen said. "We can't guess anything to you now. Why can't you leave us alone?"

He shook his head, still smiling, me. "I know what you're thinking, Max. Try it, Ruth me. I'll be soon do it now as later. I want to see you dead more than anything I've ever wanted."

"Make sure I'm dead, Ad. If I ever lay my hands on you—"

"You'll be dead. A long time dead."

He advanced to the middle of the room, and I tensed myself for the leap. I watched his eyes. It would come first in his eyes and then in the tightening finger on the gun trigger. The dark eyes narrowed and he shook his head. "Later," he said. "Put some clothes on. Both of you."

He headed into the bedroom. He let Helen dress in the chest while his eyes watched every movement I made.

"Where do you keep your car?" he snapped.

I told him where the garage was. "We're going there," he said. "You're going to drive me to the

car. I had to be late. I've got ten grand there. In the old days I knew those might be a time when I'd need get-away money. It's been three weeks for me."

Helen came from the closet wearing a tan coat over a grey suit.

Once said, "Let's go. Don't make a back. I can shoot any time, and I will."

The sleepy attendant of the garage paid little attention to us. In the car, Curt put me at the wheel with Helen between us in the front seat. The gun was against her side.

"You can kill her by making a wrong move," he said.

I nodded and we drove through the quiet streets. It was three o'clock in the morning when we left town.

Ad's cabin was empty from years of disuse and bitterly cold in the high mountain air of pre-dawn. Under Ad's direction and every eye, I built a fire in the fireplace, and then Helen and I watched him take an envelope from a hiding place at the head of a built-in bunk.

The money was there with some papers. Monitoring us to drive across the cabin from Nick, he examined the envelope's contents.

"Too good," he said. "With faded identification and everything else I used to get out of the country." He looked at us thoughtfully. "In those days I never knew when something might break and I'd have to get away quick."

"Listen, Ad," I said. "Take our car and your money. You've got everything you need to get away. We're twenty miles from a telephone—twenty miles is a long way to walk. We couldn't report anything until long after you—"

"I'll take the car and I'll leave you both here. Dead."

"What does it buy you, Ad?"

"It buys back sleepless nights and thinking about you and Helen and a lot of other things."

"You're kidding."



"I'm a ray on the beam. A man who had a future and money and a girl. First, Clyde got in the way. I took care of him. But you and Helen wrecked the rest of it for me."

"What did you expect us to do? What could we do?"

"You could have helped me. That is, I thought you could. I didn't know that you wanted Helen that bad, Mac. Why shouldn't I tell you? But of your?"

"But Helen is—"

"Helen is yours. That's enough." She interrupted us. "All right, Ad. You've said it. But how do you feel about it? The words don't count. It's what you feel inside."

He snarled crookedly. "What do you mean?"

"She wanted me then, Ad. Don't you want me now?"

"Go on," he said tirelessly. "Say it."

"I'll make a deal with you. If you leave Mac here alive, I'll do with you. Wherever you go, I'll do whatever you want."

I said sharply, "Helen! Stop it. Don't talk that way. You can't—"

Helen shook her head and still looked at Ad. "You wanted me once. I haven't changed that much, Ad."

"I don't like second-hand women." He walked across the floor and set on the corner of a table, the gun loose in his hand.

"But it's an idea," he said. "Just an idea."

"Damn you! You can't—!" I blurted.

"You want her alive, don't you?" There was only one answer to that. I didn't speak.

He said, "Or maybe you wouldn't if you knew what I can do with her. Maybe that's better than killing you. Something to give you those sleepless nights. Wondering where she is, what I've done with her, what's happening to her?" He snarled again. "And a lot of things can happen to a poor-looking girl when I'm going."

"Is it a deal?" Helen asked.

Ad shook his head. "No deal, Helen. I'm traveling light and fast. I'd have to watch you every moment. I couldn't get you out of the country with me. I don't want you that much."

"And you think by killing us you'll revenge yourself?" I asked.

"That's right, Mac."

"How soon?"

"Now. I have to move fast. I can't waste time."

"You're stupid. You can't murder us in cold blood. You can't kill Helen. It would live with you the rest of your life."

"That up?"

He put the money and papers back in the envelope and put them on the table near him. He did it without taking his eyes from us. The gun came up in his hand.

I was aware of Helen's breathing beside me and the thought that I must get between her and the gun.

"It has to be me first," I said. "I'm coming after you, Ad."

"No!" Helen cried. She tried to move past me.

I had to get her down and out of the way. There might have been other ways to do it, but it was the fastest, surest way I knew. Even at the last instant I subconsciously pulled the gun, but there still was enough force. My fist thudded against her jaw and she went down.

The first shot came. It was sideways to Ad and I felt the bullet burn across my shoulders. It cracked into the wall behind me.

I turned, crouched and sprang. The second shot went over my head. The third was into my right thigh a second before I hit Ad in my wild lunge.

We knuckled over the table and hit the floor. The gun cracked over my face, and I felt the heat of the shot. I grasped at the man and twisted. The gun kicked again, and the bullet was like the kick of a mule into my shoulder. I hung on, twisting the



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and Ad grinned in pain. There was one more shot and Ad's other eye jerked. I swung head at his eye. His head jerked back.

Dusk settled over my eyes and the men wavered. I remember watching his foot come up into my face as I propped forward.

Helen was heading over me. Her face looked soft in my blurred vision. She smiled and her hands were busy with my shoulders. I looked around. I was on the floor, but there was a blanket under me and another over me. A few feet away, Ad was similarly covered with a blanket.

I tried to smile for Helen. "Pretty bad?" I asked.

"I don't think so. Flesh wounds. I'm going for a doctor."

"Bleeding?"

"I've stopped most of it." She looked at Ad. "His is the worst. It's an artery in his arm. I have a tourniquet on it."

"He's conscious?"

She nodded. "I've tied his legs, and his good arm to the leg ropes. He's lost a lot of blood. He's weak."

She stood and looked down at me. "You saved our lives, blue." Tears came to her eyes and her lips quivered. "At first, I-I thought you were dead. . ."

"How about Ad? Is it a sound-

ing question and the question was there between us.

She said, "He has to be lessened a little about every twenty minutes, or there will be gangrene. I remember that from the first and I look during the war."

I nodded. I remembered, too. I'd had some first aid work before I went overseas as a correspondent.

The knowledge burned through my mind. If I loosened it and fell to get it tight enough, he'd bleed to death.

"Move me close enough to him to touch the tourniquet," I said quietly. Gently she helped me move closer to him.

"Mee-you couldn't—" She didn't finish the sentence, and I knew that the thought was in her mind, too.

I remembered all that had happened and I remembered what she had said in the kitchen, "I'll never feel safe until he's dead. . ."

"Drive carefully," I whispered.

"And hurry?"

"Yes, Mee, yes."

I wondered which was the swifter: hurry to save me from death—or hurry to save me from murder?

She put more fuel on the fire and, with another help from the vent out into the grey morning. I heard the starter of the car, and then the rattling sound of the engine as she drove away.

I stared at the ceiling a long time. Ad moaned and I turned my head toward him.

"Can you hear me, Ad?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"You've washed up. Ad. You've played it out. Helen has gone after a doctor and the police."

"I heard her go."

"Hold your arm out where I can reach it. I have to release the tourniquet for a few seconds."

"Stop it."

"Hold your arm out. Don't make it tight. I can move and get it anywhere."

"I said to stop it."

I inched closer to him and looked at the tourniquet. The wound was in his forearm, and Helen had placed the tourniquet above it. She had tied my necktie.

I reached for the knot. He jerked his arm away.

"Hold still, Ad. You may get gangrene if I don't loosen it."

"You wouldn't want that, would you, Mee?" he asked.

"No."

"Helen was soft. She could have let me die."

"That's right."

"But she didn't. That doesn't mean

"You won't let me die, Dad, will you?"

"I want you to live, Ad."

"Why?"

"Answer it yourself. I'm no killer."

"Any man is at some time or other, I know. Remember? Killian used to be my secret. You are my son."

"Hold out your arm."

"Go to hell."

"I'm going to keep you alive, Ad. You're going back and finish your sentence."

"You mean that, don't you, Dad?"

"Yes."

He was silent for a moment, and then he stretched his arm out to me. "Okay, Barker," he said. "I don't want anymore."

He was not too weak to move his arm freely. He held it out and I loosened the tourniquet carefully. I saw blood come from the shattered artery and heard Ad's gasp as renewed circulation brought sharp pain to the arm.

Ad spoke softly. "Do me a favour, Dad."

"What?"

"Forget to tie it again."

"What do you mean?"

"I had my chance and missed. This is it. There isn't any more for me."

I watched the sporting artery. I didn't speak.

"Remember what I said about Clyde?" he continued. "I did what the law should have done, but couldn't. He was a murderer. I was being the law—a life for a life. I was wrong. Let's even it up. Now I'm not going back to spend the rest of my life with sleepless nights. I'd rather die than go stir-crazy. Even if it up for me, Dad."

"The sleepless nights are bad?"

"The sleepless nights are hell."

"Then I wouldn't want them, Ad. Not for me, nor for Helen."

Quietly I tightened the knot until the blood had stopped running. Ad swore at me and tried to jerk free, but I held his arm until I was sure that the knot was tight.

I'd have to loose it again two or three times before Helen returned with the doctor, but I wasn't worried now. The knot would be tight and Ad would be breathing when they arrived.

Ad spoke harshly. "I hate your rats, Dad."

I thought of all the sleepless nights before him.

"That's right," I said quietly. "You probably do."



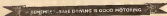
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# Talking Points

## ● COVER GIRL . . .

Cover Girl this month is a sensation beauty, Californian Photographic, Dee English found her behind a shop counter, perched low on a stool and raged her with roses. Beautiful! A shot any film star would envy. If a talent scout spots this, she shouldn't stay nervous much longer.

Don't see a copy of *CAVALCADE* in America, noted our westerner for beautiful Cover Girls and sent us a copy.

## ● BLIND . . .

*CAVALCADE* has a truly remarkable real-life story in "He Seen With His Hands" (page 5) which introduces one of the most remarkable and extraordinary men in Australia.

Skyrimour, the blind estate judge who can tell the color of animals by feeling them, has not only done an amazing job in conquering his blindness, but has rendered many years of expert service in a task which seems, above all others, to call for a keen eye.

## ● NEW . . .

*CAVALCADE* is happy to offer something new again, with this issue, in an extra eight-page photographic story and an extra two color pages. The new features are in keeping with the magazine's policy of giving readers more reading time, more variety, and wider interests, as this becomes possible.

The historical article with color plate (pages 62, 63) shows in telling, crisp the background of some historical events which are vaguely known, but have an exciting unknown story behind them.

## ● MIRACLE . . .

Russell Janney wrote "The Miracle of the Bell" in the hope of producing a successful novel, and it ran away with him. It would then be but the top of the best-seller list, and was subsequently chosen by Hollywood, so that RKO released the film before the book had passed its first heady success. As this month's film story presents at once the endorsement of a best-selling book and the story of an extremely successful film.

## ● ROYAL RARE . . .

As the interest of the world centres on the first addition for some years to the direct list of monarchs in the British Throne, *CAVALCADE*'S article, (page 50) gives interesting insight into some of the curious customs which have grown up around such events. It is difficult to realize that these customs had one object—to make certain that the royal heir to the throne was always known. Though times (and customs) have changed, it is a story of unusual interest.

## ● COMING . . .

How do black leaders do it? The simple, surprising answer is furnished by well-known author and authority on the Australian aborigine, W. E. Huxley, in November *CAVALCADE*. . . An old hand on the China Coast tells how the big drug rings recruit international wanderers. . . An important article discusses your chances of being wrongly accused—and taking the rap, though acquitted. . . And the rest of the magazine, including new features, maintains an equally high standard of interest.

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